

SCREENLAND



August

15¢



LIZABETH SCOTT AND
BURT LANCASTER IN
"DESERT FURY"
NOVELIZED VERSION
OF EXCITING NEW FILM

Combs

JEWELRY BY

Jordan

Barrettes

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 R. M. JORDAN & CO., INC., 377-5th AVE., N. Y. 16



"What d'you do — Poison those arrows?"

CUPID: Sure! Arsenic, strychnine — take your pick. I aim to please.

GIRL: Verr-ry funny. But you know darn well you're not aiming to please *me*! Huh—and the folder said, "Cupid always gladdening the days at Mountain View Inn"...

CUPID: Now *wait* a minute! You go around looking like the meanest trick of the week, and you expect *me* to—. Look, cookie, try *smiling* at men for a change!

GIRL: It'd be a change for the worse. My smile's the original tattle-tale gray. I brush my teeth, mind you—

CUPID: Don't mind me. Just answer this: Do you see "pink" on your tooth-brush?

GIRL: Well—

CUPID: Well, *that's* a warning to see your dentist. Let *him* decide what's wrong. Maybe it's just a case of soft foods robbing your gums of exercise—and if so, he may suggest "the helpful stimulation of Ipana and massage."

NEVER
IGNORE
"PINK
TOOTH BRUSH"—



GIRL: Please try to concentrate. We were speaking of my *smile*.

CUPID: First things first, feather-brain. Sparkling smiles depend largely on healthy gums. So, if your dentist suggests massage, then *massage*, Sis! 7 out of 10 dentists *do* recommend gum massage. And get *this*—a nation-wide survey shows that they prefer Ipana Tooth Paste 2 to 1 for their own personal use.

HOW TO MASSAGE YOUR GUMS. Gently massage at the gum line, always keeping fingertip in contact with the tooth surface. It's at the gum line, where teeth and gums meet, that so many troubles start—where gentle massage can be so helpful. *Between regular visits to your dentist, help him guard your smile of beauty.*



Ipana
Product of Bristol-Myers

For your Smile of Beauty

METRO-GOLDWYN-MAYER'S LION'S ROAR

Published in
this space
every month



The greatest
star of the
screen!

We love "Fiesta". We recommend "Fiesta". "Fiesta" is the most-a of the best-a. And so is Esth-a!

We refer, of course, to lovely Esther Williams, who lends her glamorous presence to M-G-M's big Technicolor spectacle, "Fiesta".

Even standing still, Esther is lovely to look at. And when she swirls a matador's cape in the bull ring, or dances a flaming Latin flamenco, or romances under the mellow Mexican moon—ai-ai-ai!

You'll revel in gay "Fiesta"—and meet, for the very first time, handsome newcomer Ricardo Montalban, the M-G-M star discovery whose torrid love makes the screen curl up at the edges.

Ricardo's equally adept at dancing and at the strings of a guitar... equally audacious in the bull ring and in the moonlight. Welcome, Good Neighbor!



The beauty of Esther Williams... the manliness of Montalban... the music of Mexico... the magic of Technicolor... the thrills of the arena—that's M-G-M's "Fiesta".

Viva! we say for Director Richard Thorpe, Producer Jack Cummings and a prime supporting cast: Akim Tamiroff, John Carroll, Cyd Charisse, Mary Astor, Fortunio Bonanova. Also for screen playmen George Bruce and Lester Cole.

"Fiesta" leads off a festival of M-G-M hits. Soon "The Hucksters" comes to town, with Clark Gable (as Vic Norman) and lovely Deborah Kerr (pronounced "new star"). Wait till you see Frederick Wakeman's bombshell best-seller! You'll be saying "Love that picture!"

Coming along, too, is "Song of Love", starring Katharine Hepburn, Paul Henreid and Robert Walker. We'll say only one thing about it: "Song of Love" is one of the ten greatest love stories of all time.

Meantime, be a guest-a at "Fiesta".

—Leo



SCREENLAND

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On Our Cover: Lizbeth Scott and Burt Lancaster in the Hal Wallis production for Paramount release, "Desert Fury." Color photos by Bud Fraker.

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Bravo for a Beautiful Daredevil!

By day, disguised as a man, she fought the fiercest beasts in Mexico's bull ring—but at night, in the arms of her sweetheart, she was all woman!

M-G-M's BIGGEST, GAYEST
TECHNICOLOR SPECTACLE

FIESTA

(WHERE THEY LIVE AND LOVE DANGEROUSLY)

ESTHER WILLIAMS

AKIM CYD JOHN MARY FORTUNIO
TAMIROFF • CHARISSE • CARROLL • ASTOR • BONANOVA
AND INTRODUCING **RICARDO MONTALBAN**

Gorgeous
ESTHER WILLIAMS
is an eyeful
—in dazzling evening gowns!
—in matador costume!
—in bathing scenes!



Torrid romance with new
star Ricardo Montalban!



Saved by a miracle
from death in the arena!



Music! The dance of desire —
with exotic Cyd Charisse.

Directed by **RICHARD THORPE** • Produced by **JACK CUMMINGS**

ORIGINAL SCREEN PLAY by **GEORGE BRUCE** and **LESTER COLE**
A METRO-GOLDWYN-MAYER PICTURE



Stronger Grip



Won't Slip Out



ASK FOR  Everytime



Al Jolson and Ty Power share script during rehearsal of a CBS radio show.

Hot From Hollywood

SOMEONE pulled a cute gag when Leo Durocher visited Lorraine Day on the "Tycoon" set. Lorraine was in front of the camera doing a scene with John Payne. When she walked back to her chair, there was another chair for "Lippy" right next to it, BUT there was a tall screen standing between!

TEN years after her death, the film biography of the beloved Jean Harlow is about to be made. It is temporarily called "The Gallant Life," and literally thousands of suggestions have poured in as to who should play the fabulous platinum star. We can't think of any actress on the screen today who could do her justice. Can you?

GREGORY PECK and Dorothy McGuire finally get to act together in "Gentleman's Agreement." Back in New York, before Hollywood beckoned, they were cast in three different plays. Each time something happened to prevent production. This time there will be no hitch.

FOR the first time since he became a big movie star, Alan Ladd was asked to remove his wedding ring for his rôle in "Whispering Smith." He said he would. Instead, he ordered a thick wide horseshoe-nail ring that fits over it.



It's white satin brocade and tulle for Nancy Guild when she married Charles Russell. They're both appearing in 20th Century-Fox's "Off to Buffalo."

SEE IT NOW... *from now on you'll be hearing about it !!!!!!!*



**ANN
SHERIDAN
LEW
AYRES
ZACHARY
SCOTT**

it's so easy to cry "Shame!"

THE UNFAITHFUL

**IF SHE WERE YOURS
COULD YOU FORGIVE ?**

**THE NEW
WARNER
SENSATION!**



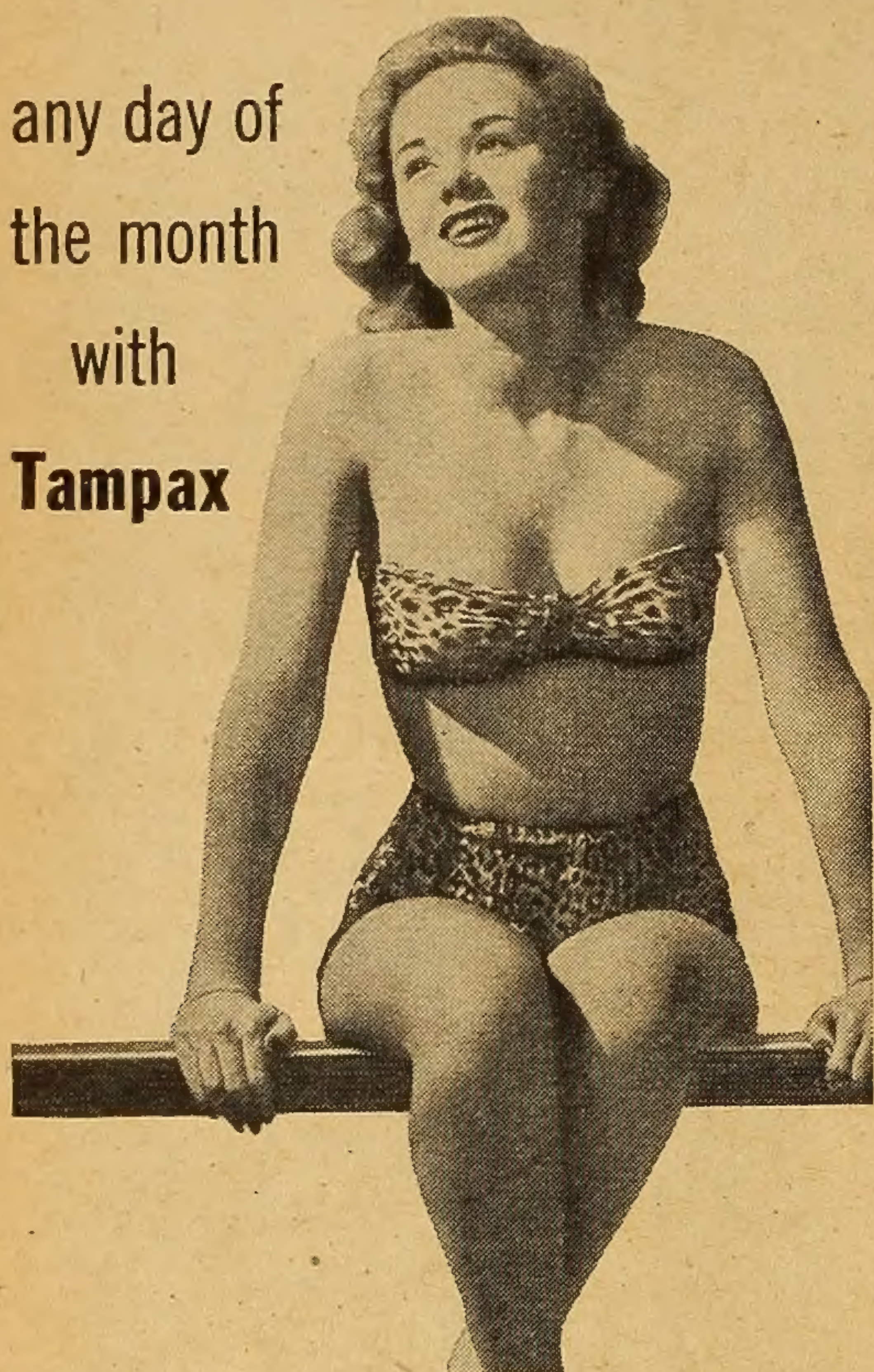
EVE ARDEN

Directed by **STEVEN GERAY • VINCENT SHERMAN • JERRY WALD**
Produced by
ORIGINAL SCREEN PLAY BY DAVID GOODIS AND JAMES GUNN • MUSIC BY MAX STEINER

SCREENLAND

SWIM

any day of
the month
with
Tampax



BECAUSE it's "that time of month" do you stay out of the water pretending you don't care? You do care and others are likely to know it. So why not use Tampax and take your swim? Women everywhere now are doing just that . . . Tampax is modern sanitary protection worn internally. There are no belts, outside pads or anything else that can show. In bathing suit wet or dry, you are safe from the most watchful eyes.

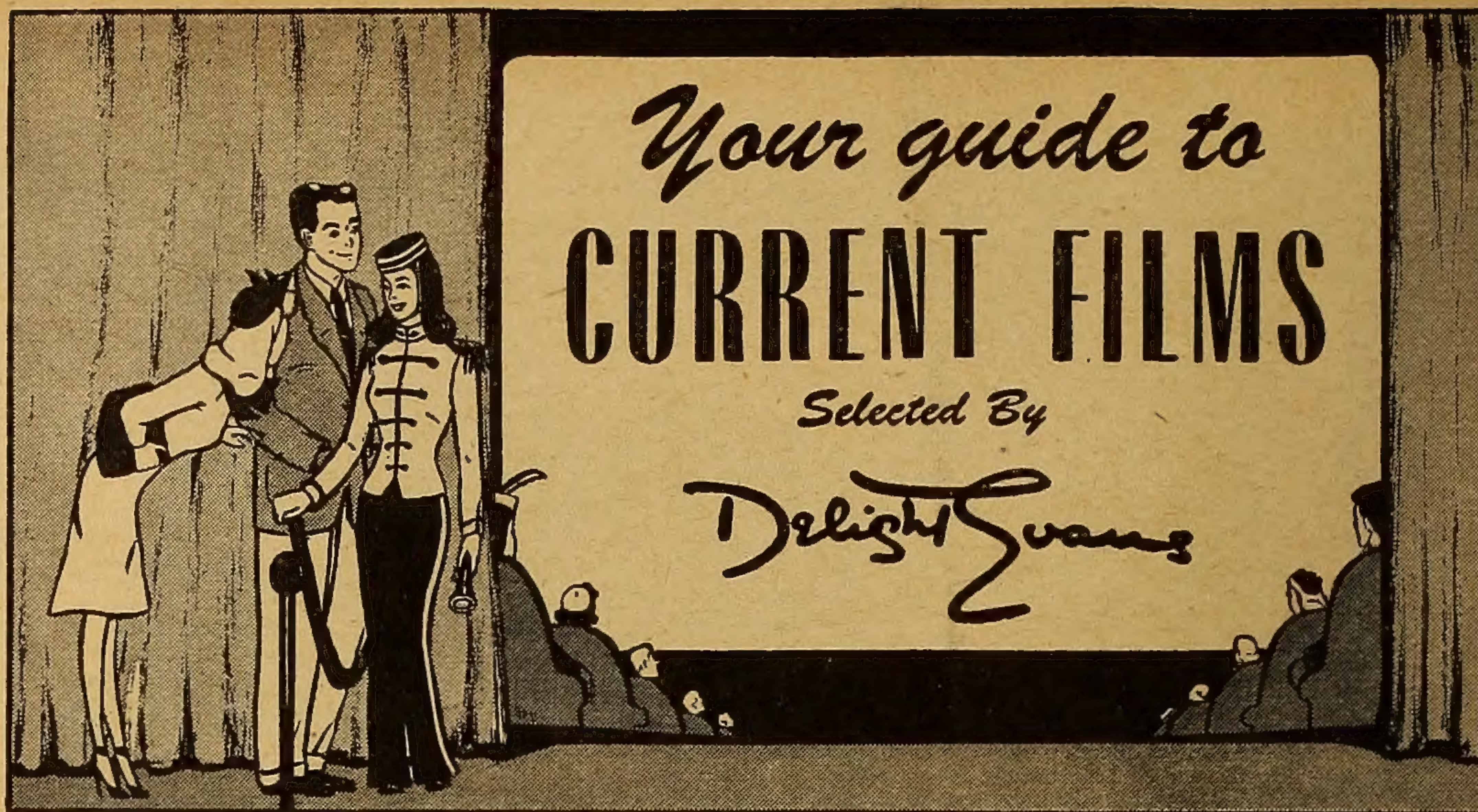
Made of compressed absorbent cotton, Tampax was invented by a doctor for this monthly use. Individual applicators make insertion easy and when the Tampax is in place it cannot be seen or felt. It is quick to change and easy to dispose of. Also, no odor can form. Do you wonder that millions of women are now using Tampax?

Buy Tampax and swim to your heart's content. At drug stores and notion counters in Regular, Super and Junior absorbencies. Month's supply fits into purse. Or get the economy box with 4 months' supply (average). Tampax Incorporated, Palmer, Mass.

**NO BELTS
NO PINS
NO PADS
NO ODOR**



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by the Journal of the American Medical Association

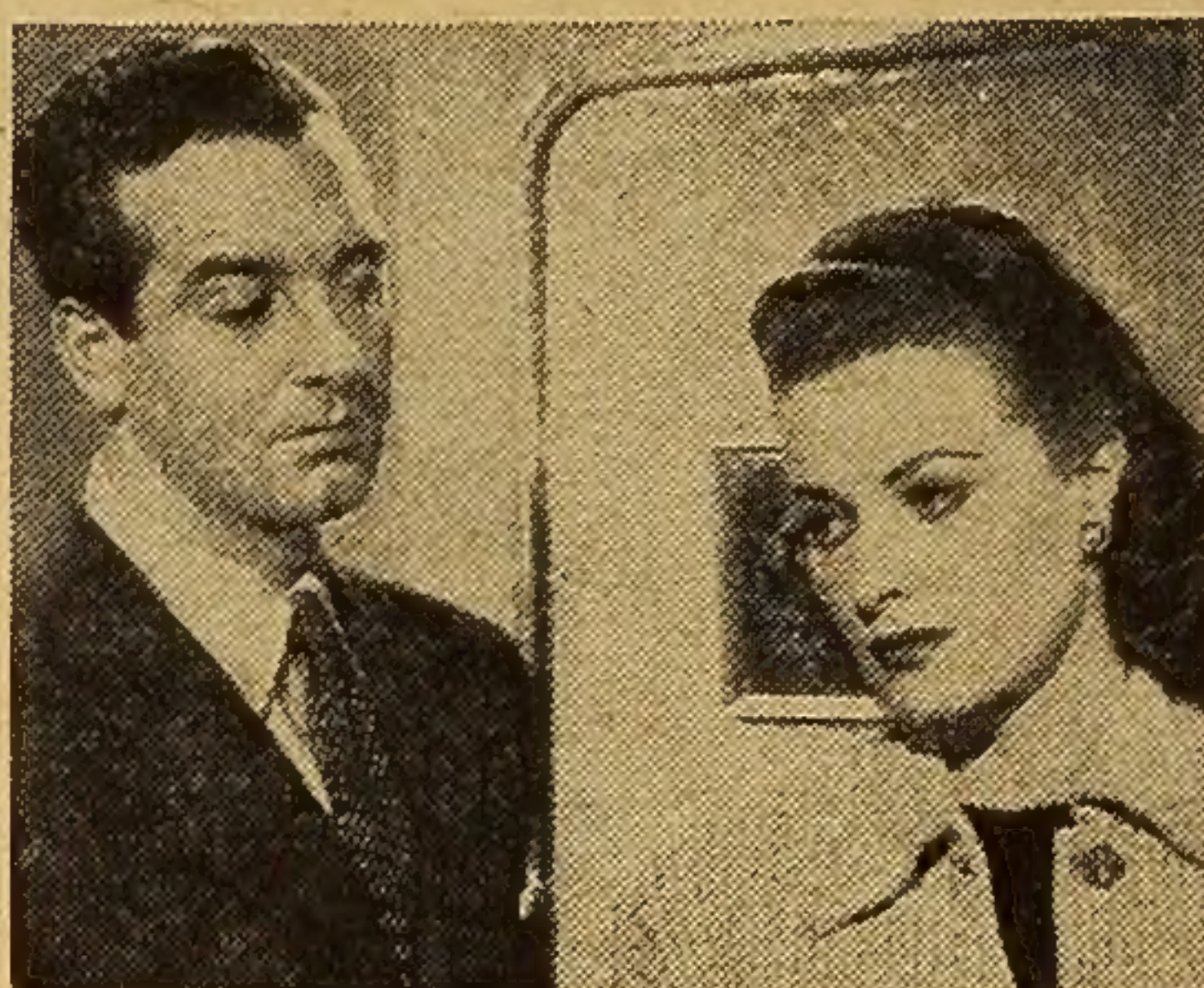


Your guide to CURRENT FILMS

Selected By

Delight Evans

MIRACLE ON 34TH STREET



20th Century-Fox



POSSESSED



Warners



CYNTHIA



MGM



BACHELOR AND BOBBY-SOXER



RKO

SCREENLAND

We could easily toss every adjective in the book at this William Perlberg production, starring Maureen O'Hara and John Payne in the romantic rôles, and featuring Edmund Gwenn in his most pleasing characterization of Kris Kringle. If you have ever believed in Santa Claus (very few people haven't, we hope!) you'll enjoy tagging along with this Kris Kringle who sets out to take the commercialism out of Christmas and winds up in supreme court when he insists he's really Santa Claus, "as young as his tongue and as old as his teeth." With Edmund Gwenn's convincing performance and the logic applied, you, too, will be ready to admit he's the jolly little man himself. Natalie Wood's naturalness as the unbelieving child is a standout, while Gene Lockhart and William Frawley add fun to courtroom scenes.

As a show window for Joan Crawford's characterization of an unbalanced, mentally harassed woman, this Jerry Wald production is tops. And may it be said in her praise that she makes you forget the necessary clinical aspect in the author's attempt to give a complete history of a schizophreniac. Frustration begins when poor Van Heflin, cast as the fickle lover, squirms out of her possessive hold, and hies himself to Canada on an engineering job. Her marriage to his boss (Raymond Massey) has a soothing effect on her battered heart. But then Van returns, falls in love with her stepdaughter, played with a nice artistry by newcomer Geraldine Brooks, and her all-consuming jealousy explodes the last hold she has on sanity. All this you hear in flashback as she tells her story to psychiatrists.

Elizabeth Taylor's *Cynthia*, from Vina Delmar's play, "The Rich, Full Life," packs plenty of interest both for her professed fans and those who are just becoming aware of this little lady whose movie career is quietly going places. Here she plays a teen-ager badgered by sickness. There's no skating, no skiing, no parties, no proms for *Cynthia*. For her doting parents, George Murphy and Mary Astor, it's a perpetual struggle to keep her supplied with vitamin pills. But comes the day when *Cynthia* meets the class hero, Jimmy Lydon, and young love finds a way to turn the tables. Gene Lockhart, Spring Byington and Carol Brannan stand out as places. It's Elizabeth who's responsible for making this one of the most delightful pictures on your movie menu.

The lighter side of the youth problem is tackled in this all-out-for-comedy picture, starring Cary Grant as the attractive bachelor, Shirley Temple as the infatuated bobby-soxer, and Myrna Loy as her bewildered sister who tries drastic measures to joggle her back to her normal schoolgirl romance with Johnny Sands. These characters make the plot move in a merry-go-round of hilarity from the first scene where Myrna, as judge, tries Cary, a painter destined to be the center of every disturbance, for participation in a night club brawl, to the fadeout in which Myrna finds he spells romance for her, and Shirley decides that Johnny Sands is pretty nice. We thought so, too. Rudy Vallee does an amusing study of a stuffy Assistant D. A. and Ray Collins as the girls' uncle comes in to straighten out the situation.

THE THRILLING STORY
OF OLD CALIFORNIA'S
MOST ROMANTIC DAYS !

The tough-shooting, hard-fighting times of
pioneer California. Days filled with adventure
... Nights filled with excitement ... Hearts
filled with glorious love!

Nelson Eddy
Gloria Massey
in

NORTHWEST OUTPOST

A story of rough-riding men ... heart-stealing women!

HEAR THE
NEW SCORE
BY RUDOLF
FRIML

with
JOSEPH SCHILDKRAUT
ELSA LANCHESTER • HUGO HAAS • LENORE ULRIC

And Introducing The American G. I. Chorus

Lyrics by EDWARD HEYMAN

Directed by ALLAN DWAN

A REPUBLIC PICTURE

Screen Play by ELIZABETH MEEHAN and RICHARD SALE

Original Story by ANGELA STUART

Adaptation by LAIRD DOYLE



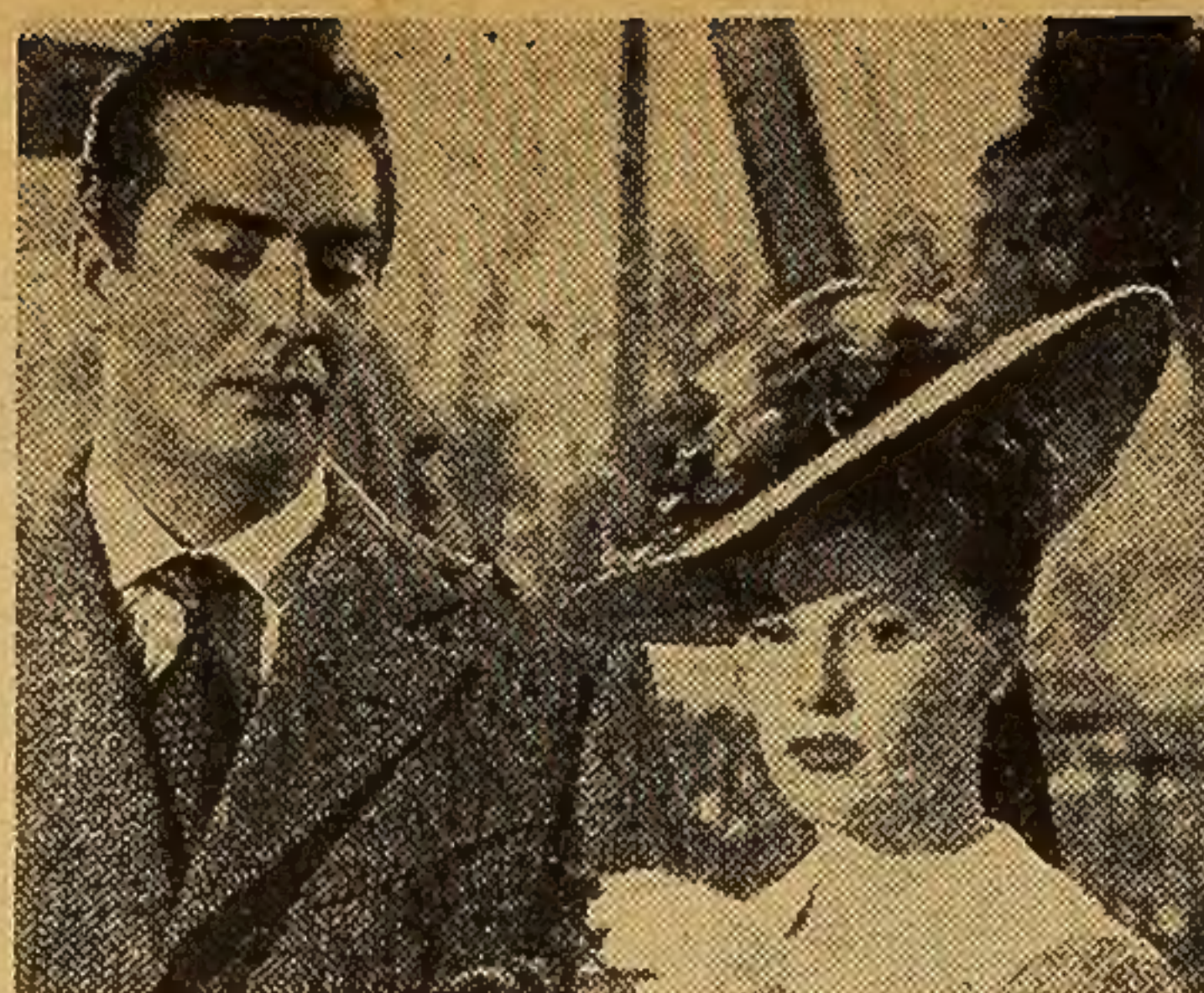
Pity the worm—he'll wiggle and squirm
Whenever you use him for bait
But don't copy him—feel free, look trim
Blue Swan has the undies that rate.

Blue Swan

LOVELY LINGERIE

BLUE SWAN MILLS, Empire State Bldg., N.Y. Division of the McKay Products Corporation

UNDIES
SLIPS
GOWNS



MOSS ROSE—20th Century-Fox

Murder suspects reside in high places in this Gene Markey production, directed by Gregory Ratoff—the Regency in London and the country estate of *Lady Margaret Drego*, to which Peggy Cummins, the Cockney chorus girl who wants to become a lady, earns a prolonged visit by withholding eye-witness evidence to clear the *Drego* son and heir, Victor Mature. Peggy is talented and attracts your admiring gaze, but the accent she assumes gets a little out of hand. Patricia Medina, lovely and spirited as Victor's fiancée, is another suspect since she bought the Bible found, with a moss rose, beside the victim's bedside. You'll know the criminal as soon as you find the motive—and that is as plain as the nose on your face in the scene where Ethel Barrymore discovers Peggy snooping in her son's boyhood room and shows her mental instability. Vincent Price shines as Scotland Yard operative.



GREEN FOR DANGER—Eagle-Lion

It takes British producers Frank Launder and Sidney Gilliat to prove that movie detectives are sometimes not entirely successful in handling a murder mystery. Here we have a grand new personality, Alastair Sim, as Christiana Brand's *Inspector Cockrill*, investigating a series of murders beginning with a buzz-bomb casualty under anesthetic in the hospital with only nurses Sally Gray, Rosamond John, Megs Jenkins and Judy Campbell, doctors Trevor Howard and Leo Genn as suspects. There's a fine network of romance, jealousy and intrigue with a few darkly stained "pasts" cropping up to clarify the case. Tip: the telltale clue is so simple you'll be surprised you didn't see it.



THE UNFAITHFUL—Warners

At last Ann Sheridan has been given a rôle that gives her a great deal more to do than sing a torchy song and look glamorous. She still has potent eye appeal in this dramatic story of a happily married woman whose momentary unfaithfulness during the war embroils her in murder in her attempt to withhold the truth from her devoted husband, Zachary Scott. Lew Ayres is excellent as her friend and lawyer who wins her case in court, and Eve Arden does another interesting characterization as the marrying cousin. It's Ann's dramatic triumph.



DEAR RUTH—Paramount

Perfectly grand family entertainment about a perfectly grand family! Take the gang, everyone from Grandma to Junior; they'll all love it. Trouble is, they'll want to sit through it at least twice to catch all the laughs they miss when the clever lines overlap. For wholesome fun with charming characters caught in absurd and hilarious dilemmas, don't miss meeting "Dear Ruth" (lovely Joan Caulfield); her sympathetic parents (delightfully portrayed by Edward Arnold and Mary Philips); her wacky kid sister (cute Mona Freeman); her persistent suitor (droll Billy DeWolfe); and best of all, her Man—that terrific hunk of masculine dream stuff, William Holden. You never saw a fellow sweep a gal off her feet with quite the gusto achieved by Bill when he embraces the beautiful Joan. We won't spoil your fun by relating the ingenious, fast-paced plot. Just see it and howl.



CRY WOLF—Warners

There is a story behind those steely eyes of Errol Flynn in this Henry Blanke production. Yes, it's another psychological mystery and the story is as sinister as Errol makes his eyes appear. It begins when Barbara Stanwyck arrives at his gloomy mansion, claiming to be his brother's newly bereaved widow who has come to see that the will is justly executed. That she does, and in the meantime she tries to rectify the cruel regime to which her sister-in-law (Geraldine Brooks) is subjected. Center of suspense is Errol's laboratory, to which Barbara makes many secret visits. What does she find? You'll be fooled, too. Richard Basehart is fine as an unbalanced character.



HIGH BARBAREE—MGM

You'll want to catch this one because it teams the talents of Van Johnson and June Allyson, and a mighty handsome team they make, too. Unfortunately, their material fails to afford them the acting opportunities they deserve, with a story so rambling and dated that it ends up in the state-of-utter-confusion department. Following the friendship of a boy and girl from childhood through World War II, with the girl's steadfast devotion sustaining the boy through disaster to a happy ending, "High Barbaree" never quite convinces as high romance.



TAKE TO THE BOATS, BOYS!...
here she comes!

Is that the kind of treatment a pretty girl should get when she's off on her vacation and ready for romance?

Not if she's a bright girl, it isn't!

But Ginny isn't very bright about some things . . . her breath, for example.

She has a little touch of halitosis (bad breath) from time to time, and the boys have already spotted it. She's elected herself to the "Suicide Club". . . social suicide, that is. She'll miss many a good time, sit out many a dance, watch the moon rise alone . . . *and wonder why.*

You, yourself, may not realize when you have halitosis (unpleasant breath)*. So the smart thing to do is to be extra careful about offending this way. And by being "extra careful" we mean using Listerine Antiseptic night and morning, and especially before any date where you want to be at your best.

Almost instantly Listerine Antiseptic makes your breath fresher, sweeter, less likely to offend. Start the day and go to your date with a wonderful feeling of greater assurance and freshness. Make Listerine Antiseptic a "must" every day. It helps you to be at your best always.

LAMBERT PHARMACAL COMPANY, St. Louis, Missouri

*While some cases of halitosis are of systemic origin, most cases, say some authorities, are due to the bacterial fermentation of tiny food particles clinging to mouth surfaces. Listerine Antiseptic quickly halts such fermentation, then overcomes the odors fermentation causes.

FOR ORAL HYGIENE **LISTERINE ANTISEPTIC**

SCREENLAND

11

WOMEN GAVE
THEIR LIVES
FOR
HIM...
AS
READILY
AS THEY
GAVE
THEIR
LIPS!

Man among men.
Lover... Adventurer...
Soldier-of-fortune
-his life and loves
made a new kind
of history!

J. ARTHUR RANK
presents

STEWART GRANGER

the Screen's Great New Lover!
6 Feet Three of MAN!

JEAN KENT
ANNE CRAWFORD

in

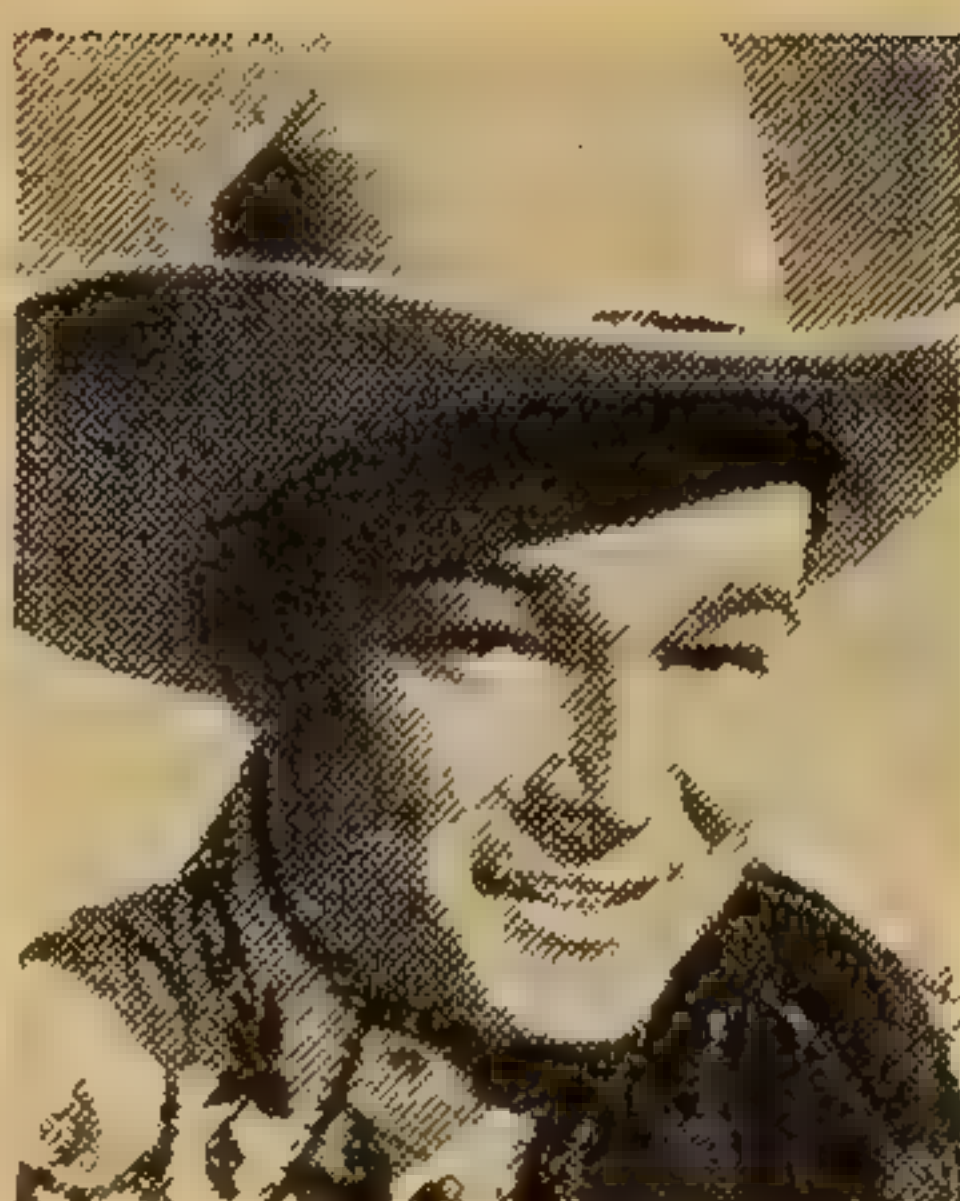
CARAVAN

with DENNIS PRICE • ROBERT HELPMANN
From the novel by Lady Eleanor Smith
Screenplay by Roland Pertwee
Produced by Harold Huth
Executive producer Maurice Ostrer
Directed by Arthur Crabtree
A GAINSBOROUGH PICTURE
AN EAGLE-LION FILMS
RELEASE

JUDY GARLAND



ROY ROGERS



LIZABETH SCOTT



VICTOR MATURE



ans'



orum



AUDIENCE REACTION

First Prize Letter
\$10.00

Last evening my fiancé and I decided to spend our regular Saturday night date at our small neighborhood theater. As it happened, a double bill was featured; one picture was a "heavy," a stirring masterpiece of extreme emotions, while the other, a "fill-in," was a light made-on-a-shoe-string tale of high school life.

I wished to concentrate fully on the more dramatic picture for its serious theme fascinated me, but I found this rather difficult to do. There was no great disturbance throughout the audience, but I sensed a certain impatient restlessness. During the other gay little movie, however, the theater patrons were strained still, except for the occasional bursts of laughter prompted by some incongruous situation in the picture.

At first I felt a little angry with their intolerant attitude toward the first picture, and I felt superior to think that, though I was only twenty-one, my taste surpassed that of the rest of the audience. But once we were out into the cool air of the street, I realized just what was so attention-holding of the latter picture. First of all, it was the audience itself. Who is it that make the movie theater their regular hang-out, drinking in all the knowledge of life they can hold. This younger generation who has missed most of the excitement and real personal adventure of the war. Most adult or married couples frequent the movies only several times monthly, while high school kids and their "steadies" can be found there several times weekly—every week.

That picture of school life was just their meat. It was something they knew and understood and they realized the possibilities of reality in every situation. The adults probably had nostalgic memories of it all, but the kids had the advantage that it was their life *now* and they caught on to every trick, every joke in slang that passed over the heads of their elders. At

Vital Views

Hollywood's movie-making crew—stars, directors, writers and producers—are interested in your opinions or suggestions on your number one entertainment. Write down those random thoughts and send them to Fans' Forum. Monthly awards for the best letters published: \$10.00, \$5.00 and ten \$1.00 prizes. Closing date is the 25th of the month.

Please address your letters to Fans' Forum, SCREENLAND, 37 West 57th Street, New York City 19, New York.

that time the theater was rightfully theirs and they knew it. They banded together in their laughter and applause and lost a part of that helpless feeling that comes from knowing that soon this spectacular world is to be all theirs.

After thinking all this through, I even began to get a little benevolent. If the teenagers are such an important part of the movie audience today, I thought, why don't the movie producers cater to them a little more? They are not yet ready for the deepness of life they find in most pictures. Why not invest more money in their pleasant little dramas? And then the odd fact struck me that by its own neglect, Hollywood had unwittingly done a surprisingly good turn. If a million dollars instead of several thousands were spent on these wholesome little movies, they would soon lose all the appeal of reality. High school proms would become glamorous sequined affairs with Lana Turner as belle of the ball, and the football hero would invariably turn out to be some handsome idol such as Tyrone Power, instead of the fresh-faced kid with the short haircut who plays the rôle now.

So there, Movie Moguls, this derided younger generation has done it again! Maybe next Saturday evening I'll don my sister's ribbons and sweater and go down and giggle with the rest of them. I wonder if Bette Davis will miss me.

CLARICE BOYD, Cincinnati, Ohio

HOLLYWOOD'S HEART

Second Prize Letter

\$5.00

In Texas City, Texas, a town of tears, Hollywood poured the milk of human kindness and six million Texans say "God Bless Hollywood."

No sooner had word of the disastrous explosion, which took over 600 lives and injured thousands, reached the West Coast than phone calls and telegrams began pouring into the stricken area.

Bandleader Phil Harris offered his services and those of the entire cast of the Jack Benny radio show in putting on two benefit shows with the proceeds going to the Texas City relief fund. Frank Sinatra, Alice Faye, Gene Autry and José Iturbi are just a few of the Hollywood stars who asked to be included in the list of performers.

Lauritz Melchior, who was making a concert appearance here at the time, left his dressing room following a strenuous program and appeared on the stages of two local theaters, where he appealed for aid for Texas City survivors. Gale Storm, who was visiting her mother in this city, joined Mr. Melchior in his impromptu show and appeal.

If anyone says Hollywood doesn't have a heart, just ask Texas.

LAURINE SCHWARTZ, Houston, Texas

LADY LIZABETH

\$1.00

Hollywood producers, directors and casting directors, I have a bone to pick with you. My bone of contention is lovely Elizabeth Scott. I saw Liz in the first picture she made, "You Came Along." She gave a heartwarming performance. She had a quality very rare in many of the stars of today—she looked fresh and clean both inside and out. She had a flair for comedy and romance and, above all, she was a lady.

There seems to be a definite dearth of ladies in our movies, girls who either act or look like ladies. Perhaps our movie makers believe they are being realistic. If so, Heaven help our civilization! I don't agree with them. They are evidently guilty of thinking that a lady cannot be interesting if she acts as such. Again, I disagree. Elizabeth Scott was both convincing and interesting in "You Came Along."

The very next picture she was slapped into she was supposed to be an escaped criminal, but the warmth and sincerity and genuineness of her personality made the character incongruous. Now, in her latest picture, she chases and throws herself at the hard-boiled Mr. Bogart, a rôle which will only compare her to Lauren Bacall. She has already been branded a poor man's Lauren Bacall, a very unflattering appellation. I like Lauren Bacall, her subtle undercurrent of come-hither, but that's not our Liz.

Count the number of screen ladies. You can tick them off on your fingers. Many of them have been your favorites for years. Let's do better by our Liz. How about a publicity campaign with its keynote "Lady Elizabeth Scott"? Corny? I don't think so, and I'm sure there are others who agree with me.

LUCILLE HALUSKA, St. Louis, Mo.

MOVIES' SILVER LINING

\$1.00

My mother is an invalid and has been for a long time. I gave up my work to take care of her, but this staying home night and day, week in and week out, has about got me down. I was feeling very low in spirits.



Getting the air, Sis?

Don't be an outsider, Honey—let Mum keep your charm from fading

THE MUSIC is solid—partners are plentiful. So what's a dreamboat like you doing all by your lonesome?

A girl's first dance of the evening *may* be her last if she's guilty of underarm odor.

Don't take chances—play safe with Mum.

True, you can trust your bath to wash away *past* perspiration, but to prevent risk of *future* underarm odor, trust Mum!

checks perspiration odor

Mum



Product of Bristol-Myers

1. **Safe for charm.** Mum checks underarm odor, gives sure protection all day or all evening.

2. **Safe for skin.** No irritating crystals. Snow-white Mum is gentle, harmless to skin.

3. **Safe for clothes.** No harsh ingredients in Mum to rot or discolor fine fabrics. Economical, Mum doesn't dry out in the jar. Quick, easy to use, even *after* you're dressed.

For Sanitary Napkins—Mum is gentle, safe, dependable... ideal for this use, too.



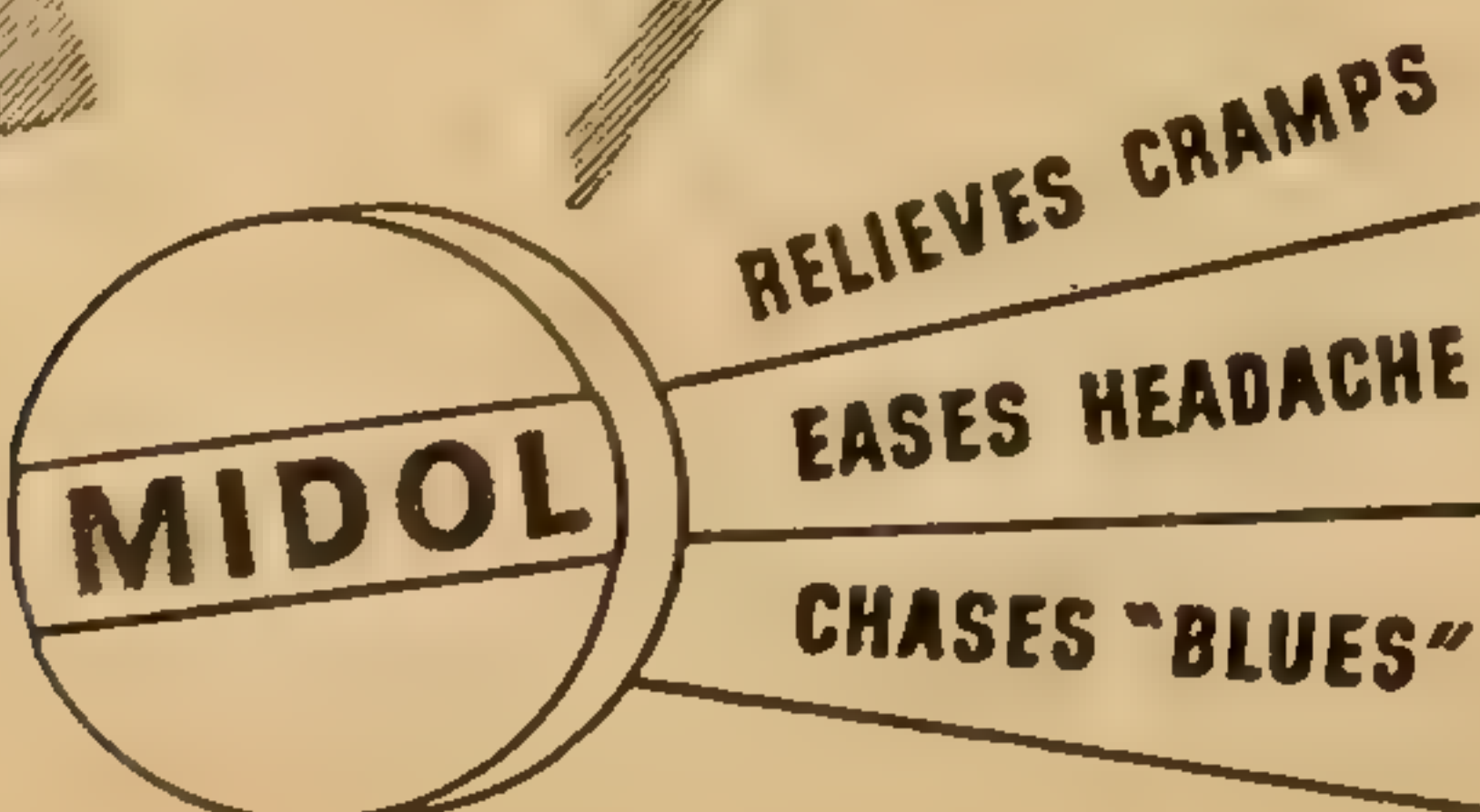
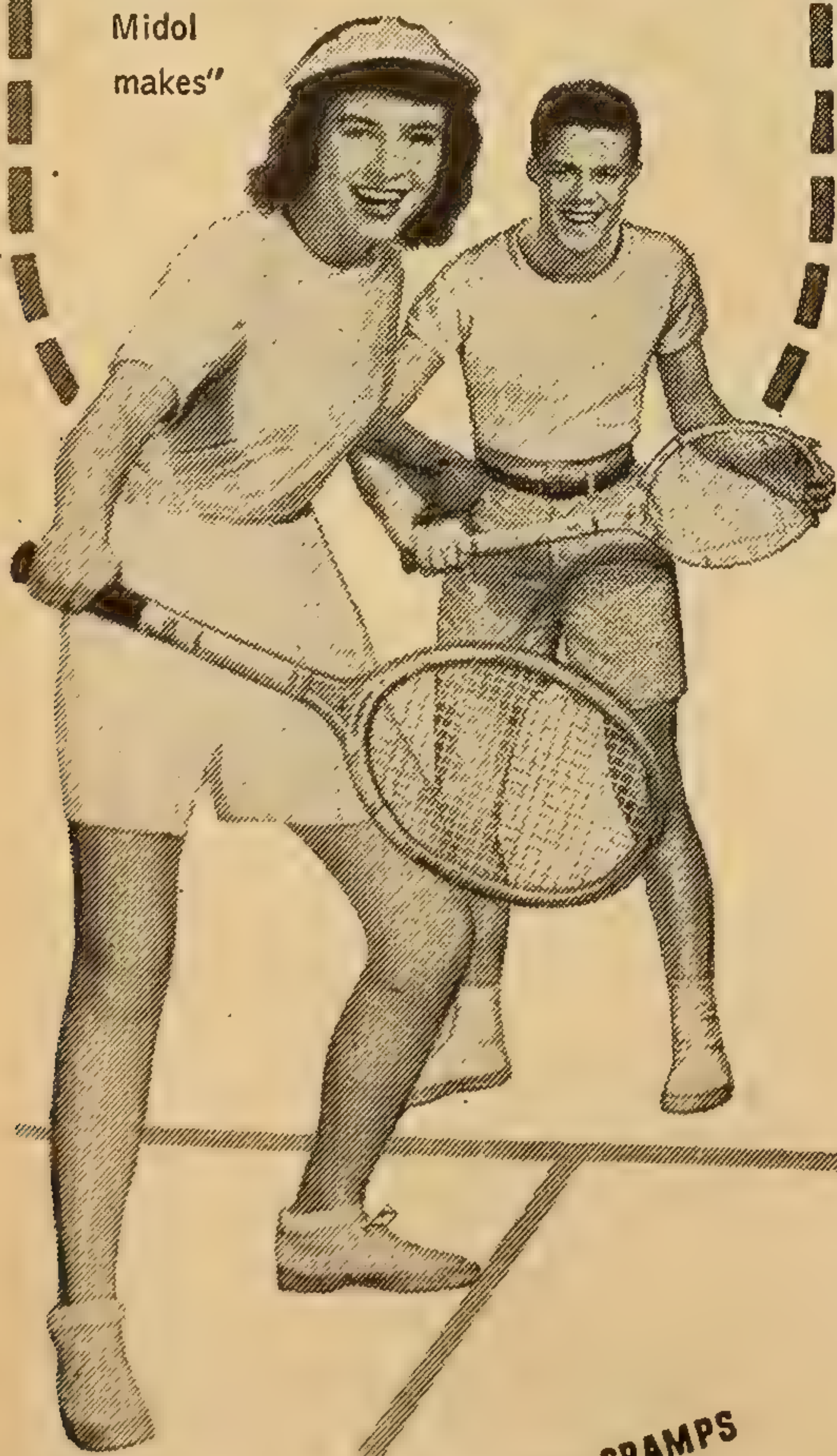
"DREADED" DAYS CAN BE ACTIVE DAYS

MIDOL

RELIEVES FUNCTIONAL
PERIODIC PAIN
CRAMPS-HEADACHE-"BLUES"

"WHAT A DIFFERENCE

Midol
makes"



Then one Sunday night I got a chance to get away for a few hours. I went to see the picture, "Till the Clouds Roll By," and when Judy Garland sang "Look for The Silver Lining," oh, my, what it did for me! I left the theater feeling like I had a new lease on life. It did me so much good. No sermon at church could have done more for me than the way Judy put over that song. It sure has made me look on the brighter side of life and I feel so much better.

Keep singing, Judy, for others may be helped as much as I was.

GENEVA MCCOY, Alton, Ill.

REMODEL WESTERNS

\$1.00

My six year old boy, like so many other youngsters his age, is an ardent Roy Rogers and Red Ryder fan. Indeed, I have accompanied him to so many Roy Rogers pictures that I think I could close my eyes from beginning to end of one of these Western shows and conjure up a fair reproduction of what is being enacted on the screen.

I ardently wish that the movie producers who release these cowboy pictures would remember that, in addition to the juveniles who comprise the whistling, cheering and hooting section of the audience, there are many of us adults who must sit stolidly through a performance so familiar that at times we are positive we have seen the picture before. The story is invariably only a slightly altered version of the same hackneyed theme that should have been put in moth balls long ago. Now, I appreciate the fact that a picture of this nature must be jammed full of action—cattle rustling, gun play and the inevitable wrestling bout in which the virile hero, locked in the arms of his bitterest foe, overturns tables, hurtles, still locked to his adversary, from a balcony and leaves the saloon, where these contests unfailingly take place, in a complete shambles. This dynamic, he-man stuff understandably appeals to the youngsters and holds them in a state of enchantment throughout the entire picture; but, Mr. Producer, the fact remains that it is pretty old stuff to us grown-ups.

However, we will concede the point that a Roy Rogers or Red Ryder show minus scenes of this sort would impel all the youngsters to stay at home on Saturday nights, content to listen to their cowboy favorite on the radio. Our major objections lie in the fact that the plot, which many a youngster doesn't understand anyway and which is seemingly designed for the more mature members of the audience, would stand an overhaul job.

MRS. AGNES REHDER, Portland, Ore.

MOVIE CRITICS

\$1.00

My husband and I and another young couple were among the lucky first-nighters at the premiere of Charlie Chaplin's newest picture, "Monsieur Verdoux," and from the rest of the audience's, as well as our own enthusiastic reception of it, I truly expected rave notices from the critics. Frankly, I was both disappointed and thoroughly disgusted by their unison in agreeing that it should be panned more than praised.

Personally, I am grateful that I am never too influenced by their blasé and destructive general criticism. I have seen too many pictures raved about by critics that have bored me; I have seen too many thoroughly enjoyable pictures and plays lose their audiences or close down because the critics have opened their often too big and wrong-opinioned mouths. I go to the movies for

enjoyment, for genius such as Charlie Chaplin no doubt has always given us, and am fair enough to know that the enthusiasm and applause I heard that representative first-night audience give meant that the picture was good and enjoyable despite what any critic might later say.

The critics, in their aftermath, have likened themselves to a selfish mother (she is in the minority but nevertheless exists in lamentable cases) who wants her son or daughter to stay a child always, so that he or she might need her and remain with her instead of maturing and living his or her own happy life. For, in lamenting only the disappearance of Chaplin's trick derby, mustache and cane; his funny trousers and slapstick comedy, is to overlook the fact that these are grown-up, serious days, that Chaplin has changed only in that he wants to be permitted to grow up, too. Surely his comedy was clever and funny as ever; his story entertaining, his acting genius displayed in an incomparable manner. That he took it upon himself to say some ugly truths in a subtle way should not be frowned upon. For what he said was true and ably presented. Instead of not forgiving him for saying some timely truths and giving us all something to think about along with a lot of fun, I urge the critics to admit that perhaps some of what Chaplin said was just a bit over their heads and that they were not big enough to understand it, or his intentions in giving it.

RUTH BRACKER STONE, New York, N. Y.

THE BERLIN STORY

\$1.00

While the vogue is on for musical biographies, why doesn't Hollywood film the life of Irving Berlin? Here is our favorite rags-to-riches theme: the poor boy who sang for pennies in the Bowery and rose to become America's No. 1 popular song writer. Here is tear-jerking pathos: the early death of his first wife, after which he wrote the beautiful song, "When I Lost You." Here is the masculine version of Cinderella: the boy from the east side of the tracks who wooed and won the lovely society girl, Ellen Mackay. For her he wrote "Always." Singing his ageless songs could be a galaxy of Hollywood's big-name songsters; and the title rôle could be played by Larry ("Jolson Story") Parks which would be a worthy successor to his first triumph. Hollywood, why are you waiting? This would be a picture with everything!

MARION C. SCHULTZ, Los Angeles, Calif.

DURBIN-SINATRA TEAM?

\$1.00

The critics are agreed that Deanna Durbin's films would benefit by a change of plot. I concur, and would further suggest that a leading man whose popularity equals or surpasses her own would be a welcome change. One who could join her in song would be even better. I think Mr. Frank Sinatra would fill the bill very nicely! His roguish, relaxed screen personality would also be a perfect foil for Deanna's demure and rather prim one.

MISS M. L. DAILEY, Los Angeles, Calif.

RETURN OF "THE SHEIK"

\$1.00

It seems to me that Hollywood producers are running out of material for stories! They are turning plays into movies, and re-writing every novel on the market for the same purpose. Why don't they take the really old pictures, the silent films, and remake them? I am sixteen, and of course I

do not remember the silent films, but in an old theater I've seen quite a few, and I thoroughly enjoyed them.

Frankly, I am simply dying to see "Son of the Sheik" done over again. This utterly thrilling romance, with Hollywood's own touches, would, I think, make a great box-office hit. As for finding a star to replace Rudolph Valentino, I suggest Alan Ladd, Cornel Wilde, Paul Henreid or Ty Power as the hard, strong, romantic *Sheik*.

THELMA WEIMAN, New York, N. Y.

MOVIE MATURITY

\$1.00

Isn't it about time for motion picture companies to take into consideration the fact that there are hundreds of older people who enjoy attending the movies and that we are a little bit tired of immature youngsters portraying all the rôles of American life? Understand, we know that the youngsters need their chances, but not to the extent that they are given rôles too big for them. Besides all romantic couples are not beautiful women and handsome men.

The producers prate about making realistic pictures—well, then, why don't they give us more pictures concerning older people? Also we do not demand that all our heroines be breathtakingly beautiful nor our heroes young and replicas of Adonis. Perhaps sometimes we would like to see just average sort of people like ourselves.

TEXAS WOODBURN LAWRENCE,
Grand Rapids, Mich.

STAR TEAM

\$1.00

Why doesn't 20th Century-Fox do something about Tyrone Power and Linda Darnell? In other words I mean to say that Tyrone's and Linda's fans are anxious to see them in more pictures working as a team. Their fans want them to work together like they did in "Blood and Sand," and many other pictures.

So get wise, 20th Century-Fox, and you will see how we'll cheer when we see Tyrone and Linda co-starring again.

RACHEL ALMOGUERA, Ponce, -Puerto Rico

A RIGHT GUY

\$1.00

For a long time I've been listening to people making unkind remarks about my favorite actor, and now, thanks to Alyce Canfield's wonderful story, "Thorobred Mongrel," some of the so-called critics will get the real low-down on Victor Mature.

Victor has been my favorite since his very first movie rôle and now at long last a story has been written which confirms my opinion of him in every way. How anyone can look at his smiling face and find him anything but a right guy, I'll never know! Just by looking at him you can tell his carefree attitude is just a cover-up for the sentimental guy he really is. Personally, I don't believe he has ever done a thoughtless or unkind act in his whole life. He is glad to be alive, and he has a really honest-to-goodness interest in people.

He is every bit as nice in real life, too. He was in my home town during the "Tars and Spars" show and his talk at one of our theaters was sincere, friendly and not in least movie-starrish. His carefree attitude may fool some people, but not quite everyone. You just can't hide a fine character like his no matter how hard you try.

Lots of luck and all the happiness in the world to a really "regular fellow"—Victor Mature.

STORME SPRING, Sacramento, Calif.

*You can stay at home and
still discover new things!*



102 OUT OF 122 WIVES AND MOTHERS REPORT NO CHAFING WITH FREE-STRIDE MODESS!

Housewives over the country recently made a discovery that'll be comforting news to every girl who chafes...

Women who had suffered chafe with their regular napkin tested a new, improved napkin, *Free-Stride Modess*. Object: to see if it gave freedom from chafe.

Verdict: 102 out of 122 reported *no chafing with Free-Stride Modess*.

The secret of the chafe-free comfort so many women found in *Free-Stride Modess* lies in the clever fashioning of the napkin edges.

Free-Stride Modess has extra cotton on its edges—extra softness—right where the cause of chafe begins.

The extra cotton also acts to direct and retain moisture *inside* the napkin, keeping the edges dry and smooth longer. And dry, smooth edges *don't* chafe!

So safe, too! *Free-Stride Modess* has a triple safety shield and a sealed-in deodorant to keep you confident, care-free. On sale everywhere now. Product of Personal Products Corporation.



Walk with comfort! Try the new Free-stride Modess!

DID YOU know that before a girl becomes a top-flight actress or fashion model she must take a course in "hands"? Yes'm, she must know how to make them lovely looking and she must know how to use them for posing. It's a pretty extensive course, too, which should prove to you that the way your hands look and the way you use them are extremely important to your entire appearance. Look at Rita Hayworth's hands. The nails are long and faultlessly groomed whether or not she wears polish. Of course she usually does wear polish because it gives a wonderful "alive" look to hands.

That goes for all the stars in Hollywood, though not all of them have the beautiful hands that Rita does. But each and every one of them knows how to take care of her hands and use them properly. No fidgeting, hand twisting, and nail biting for these girls—they know better.

You can really tell a lot about people just by looking at their hands and are strongly affected by what you see. There are several types of hand offenders. Take Fidgety Florence. She's no fun at a party because she just sits there and twists her hands aimlessly, pats her hair,



The hands that show you to be a well-groomed girl need lots of attention. Rita Hayworth gives hers daily care—that's why they're lovely.

plucks at real or imaginary threads on upholstered chairs, and toys with jewelry until all those about her become nervous, too. Then we have Cuticle Picking-Nail Biting Nellie who, in addition to the very unpretty picture she imposes upon you, gives you the unflattering impression that her thoughts are a million miles away. We also, of course, have Grimy Gerty. Unless you are a mechanic or engaged in some (*Please turn to page 89*)



Rita likes to vary her polish from deep reds to pale pinks. She is in two new pictures: Columbia's "Down to Earth" and "The Lady from Shanghai."

Hands tell the TALE

Did you know that
people can tell
your personal habits
just by looking
at your hands?

By Claire Finucane





Don't answer this ad...

Don't

Don't

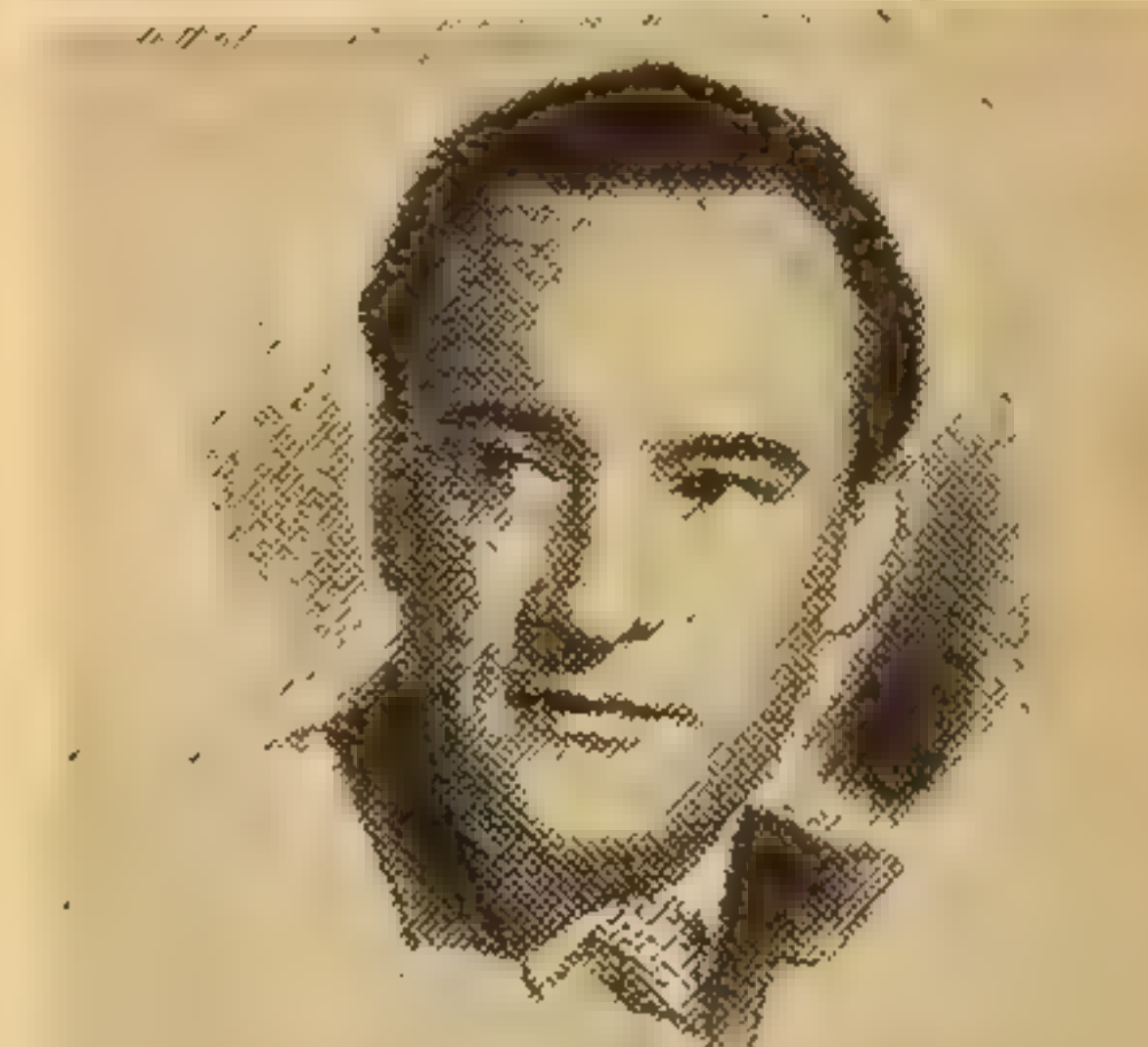
Don't



How far will she go to trap a killer... or any other man?



Eight beautiful girls on his mind... and all of them quite dead!



His alibi was clever... and she was very, very beautiful, too!



What does he seek as he prowls mysteriously through the night?



Was he the artist who lured 8 beautiful girls to their deaths?

HUNT STROMBERG presents
 GEORGE SANDERS • LUCILLE BALL • CHARLES COBURN • BORIS KARLOFF

IN
Lured

WITH
 SIR CEDRIC HARDWICKE • JOSEPH CALLEIA
 ALAN MOWBRAY • GEORGE ZUCCO

Directed by DOUGLAS SIRK • Screenplay by LEO ROSTEN
 PRODUCED BY JAMES NASSER

Executive Producer, HUNT STROMBERG

Released thru United Artists

THE SONGS HE WROTE!

THE LOVES HE KNEW!



Wherever he went there was a lovely face, a trim ankle and melodies that set an era aflame! Gad, what a life!

The story of Joe Howard, America's most romantic troubadour!



I Wonder Who's Kissing Her Now

Color by *Technicolor*

JUNE HAVER • MARK STEVENS

with MARTHA STEWART • REGINALD GARDINER

LENORE AUBERT • WILLIAM FRAWLEY • GENE NELSON • TRUMAN BRADLEY • GEORGE CLEVELAND

Directed by LLOYD BACON • Produced by GEORGE JESSEL

Screen Play by Lewis R. Foster



20th
CENTURY-FOX

The Editor's Page

AN OPEN LETTER TO "DEAR RUTH"

(OTHERWISE JOAN CAULFIELD)



Joan Caulfield co-stars with William Holden (lower right) in Paramount's gay new comedy, "Dear Ruth," in which Billy DeWolfe (right) appears as her disgruntled suitor and Edward Arnold (top) as her genial father.

IT WAS a tough fight, but you won. What kind of a battle would a beautiful blonde be fighting, you may ask? That's just it. A beautiful blonde can get by on looks alone—unless she's a fighter. And then, watch out. Consider the breaks you had when you first came to Hollywood from a Broadway play. In "Monsieur Beaucaire," teamed with Bob Hope. In "Welcome Stranger," with Bing Crosby and Barry Fitzgerald. In "Blue Skies," with Crosby and Fred Astaire. Fast company for a beginner. Any other lovely might have floated through these pleasant pictures with the greatest of ease, just relying on big-star names to carry her along. Not Caulfield. You were in there pitching, trying to keep up with those great performers. You seemed to be trying *too* hard; there was something a trifle grim about your charm at times. But now comes "Dear Ruth," and you're on your own. You're practically the star of the show, even though Bill Holden, in his comeback after his years in the service, gives a grand, ingratiating performance. "Dear Ruth" is one of the brightest, smartest, funniest pictures Paramount has ever turned out, and that's saying something. Now you're a real, not just an advertised star. When audiences have seen this gay film, there is going to be a deluge of fan letters at Paramount addressed to "Dear Ruth."

Consider this the first one.

Delight Evans



Men

Men

Men!

Three new leading men, that is,
discovered by David O. Selz-
nick. Say thanks, ladies



**JOHNNY SANDS, in "Bachelor
and the Bobby-Soxer"**

**LOUIS JOURDAN from France,
in "The Paradine Case"**



RORY CALHOUN, in "Adventure Island"





The schoolgirl siren of "Margie," Barbara Lawrence, has been cast with Tyrone Power, announced her engagement — and all at seventeen. What's your hurry, honey?

Barbara finished her high school education on the set at 20th Century-Fox while making "Margie." Recently she announced her engagement to Johnny Fontaine, shown above. She's also found time to appear as Lady Louisa in "Captain from Castile," with Ty Power.

By
Kate
Holliday



That New Blonde



IT IS one of the minor miracles of Hollywood that you have ever seen Barbara Lawrence on the screen. And by that statement I mean either as the blonde flapper in "Margie" or in any other picture she ever thought of making.

Young Barbara, you see, has a jinx. It stems from the fact that she has just turned seventeen. There is a California law, as you may have heard, which commands that every young gentleman or lady who is either under eighteen or has not finished high school be educated on the set—and educated like mad. Three hours a day are therefore *(Please turn to page 75)*

There's Van and there's
Frankie—but Gable's
been sending his fans for
seventeen solid years



Deborah Kerr, beautiful British star who makes her American début opposite King Gable in "The Hucksters," served tea in her portable dressing room every afternoon at four. And the King liked it



Horseshoe of flowers bearing bars of soap in recognition of Gable's rôle as a "Love That Soap" man in the film came from cast and crew.



Gable with the way with the women and Ava Gardner with the way with the men became great pals on the "Hucksters" set



Jack Conway directs Gable and Gardner for a hot clinch. He may not look it, but The King's all ready to go into action.

Solid Sender



Clark greets interviewer Alyce at MGM.

By
Alyce Canfield

THE LAST time I saw Gable was like the last time I saw Paris—in the movies. I sat in the darkened theater and watched him push Greer Garson around, and—even if the picture didn't thrill me right to the marrow of my bones—Gable did. For I remembered back to the time I interviewed him for SCREENLAND on the set of "Adventure." I had never met him before, and the impact of his personality floored me—literally. Here was charm; here was masculinity. To be craftily original: here was It. When I got home, I was rather embarrassed. Me, at my age! Swooning around the house and making like a bobby-soxer!

Just the same, the memory lingered on. So, when Delight Evans, your editor, wired me to interview Gable for her, I ran, not walked, to the nearest telephone. You wouldn't exactly say I dawdled. I wouldn't say it, either. Faster than you could mutter MGM, I set up the interview and then sat around biting my nails until The Day.

I've gotta explain right now, in case you get me wrong, that I never have stage fright. Stars come and stars go, and I can take them or leave them alone. Why, some of my best friends are stars! But every reporter has her Waterloo. Mine is the guy you'll be seeing soon in "The Hucksters." Name of Gable, Clark.

So I fiddled around that eventful morning, and fussed about what I would wear. After a couple of "let's-try-it-on-and-see-what-it-does-for- (Please turn to page 68)



★ Solid Sender ★
Sender ★ Solid S

Solid S ★ Solid
Solid Sender ★

LADY DICK

Otherwise Lucille Ball, who plays a Scotland Yard operative in "Personal Column," with George Sanders, Charles Coburn and Boris Karloff



MIKE'S Lucky

By
Constance Palmer

Day

Sure and it was a great day when Director Curtiz rechristened Ted North Michael (after himself) and cast him as the handsome hero in "The Unsuspected"



Audrey Totter and Michael (formerly Ted) North in a dramatic scene from "The Unsuspected," Mike's big come-back break.



Michael Curtiz explains a scene to his protege, Michael North, shown below with Hurd Hatfield and Constance Bennett.



WHEN Michael Curtiz, Warners' ace producer-director, looked at the young fellow who was introduced as Ted North, he announced with typical Curtiz decision, "Here is my new son. I will call him after me!" On the instant, Ted North did a quick fade-out and Michael North, potential star, appeared in a long-shot.

Young North said goodbye to his other self without tears. He was pretty fed-up with it anyway. To be precise, a particularly active jinx had been giving him its full attention for the past year. So perhaps there was something symbolic in the signing of a personal contract with Curtiz on December 31st, 1946—exactly seven years to the day he first came to Hollywood. There's magic in the number seven: it gave him the new name, a big chance and a new lease on life.

"I was called to test for the heavy in 'The Unsuspected' just before Christmas," Mike told me. "And when they said I wouldn't do for that but was to come back on the twenty-eighth for another test, I was banged down and then bounced right back up again."

Being slapped down was something Mike had been trying to get used to. When he enlisted in the Navy in 1942 he'd been under contract to Twentieth Century-Fox. There was the usual understanding that he and the studio would take up where they left off when he became a civilian (Please turn to page 85)

HOLLAND: With the first in our series underway, it's nice to welcome you all back again to the argumentative board. And, believe me, this time we're going to go neck-deep into a subject that has really been getting an airing of late, namely, Hollywood morals and whether or not you think they're too loose. So here we go! Just what is your reaction to the publicity Hollywood has had of late—the unfavorable publicity? Is there any basis for it?

IRENE: Where there's smoke, there's usually fire. I don't feel things are made up out of air all of the time, even though I readily admit that you seldom see any-

thing about Hollywood in the papers that's good.

GLENN: The name Hollywood is synonymous with a lust for living and loose morals—if you're to believe what you read. You know, it's a misconception about a star being a privileged character. Privileged nothing! We're on a spot continually.

LINDA: How right you are! Wherever Hollywood is concerned you'll always find exaggeration. Either you're a Pollyanna or a complete no-good.

SHIRLEY: I think the stars—and they are certainly the minority of all the stars in Hollywood—are partly responsi-



Presenting

Screenland's Star Advisers



BOARD OF ADVISERS:

IRENE DUNNE, ROBERT CUMMINGS, SHIRLEY TEMPLE, GLENN FORD, LINDA DARNELL

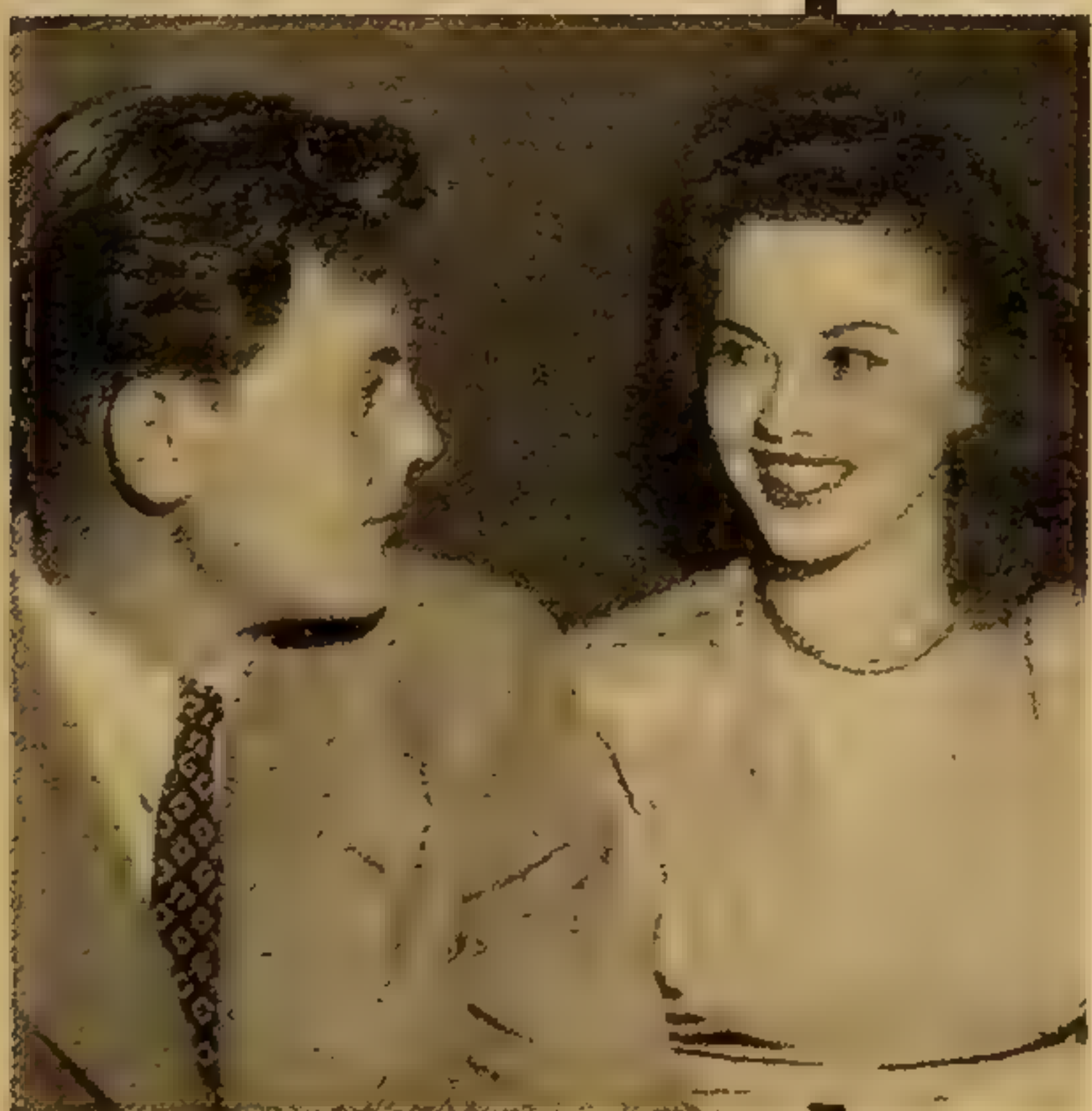
Discussing the question,

"Are Hollywood Morals Too Loose?"

Forum Conducted By Jack Holland



LINDA DARNELL in "Forever Amber." Below, Linda chats on set with Mr. W. T. White, superintendent of the school system of Dallas, Tex. —Linda's home town. SHIRLEY TEMPLE in "The Bachelor and the Bobby-Soxer" (left center). Shirley is also pictured with her handsome and devoted young husband, John Agar. IRENE DUNNE in "Life with Father" (far left). In the Warner Bros. production of the famous play Miss Dunne as Mother co-stars with William Powell in the rôle of Father.



SEND IN YOUR QUESTIONS FOR STAR DISCUSSION!

We have selected five of 'Hollywood's top stars to give their frank opinions, in round-table discussion, on provocative questions. This new feature is dedicated toward bringing you, the reader and movie-goer, into closer contact with your screen favorites. Now you can speak out to them as to intimate friends on personal problems or topics of general interest, and they will give you the benefit of their honest opinions. What subject would you like to have them take up next? Screenland's Star Advisers will pick the question which they consider most interesting for intelligent discussion. Get in on the fun!

ble for the bad impression some have of Hollywood in that they aren't careful enough about gossip. I go to the beauty parlor once a year and the operator proceeds to give me the whole year's rumors about everyone. Stars should keep confidences and be careful of their friends. And they should watch their tongues!

BOB: I don't think there's any real basis to the bad publicity at all. To give you an example, I once made a picture called "King's Row" which was a true picturization of every small town in America—and the world. A story of the hidden feelings and emotions of people that eventually break into the open. But in Hollywood these things break into print and are magnified 300 times. Why, in my own case I've read things written about me that either were completely false or were so exaggerated that I couldn't recognize them.

LINDA: A lot of people misbehave in Hollywood, I (Please turn to page 80)



ROBERT CUMMINGS in "Heaven Only Knows," in which he co-stars with Brian Donlevy.



GLENN FORD in "The Man from Colorado," in which he co-stars with William Holden.



JIMMY STEWART IN "A MIRACLE CAN HAPPEN"

FRED ROBBINS

Right off the Record

Gather 'round for another session
with Fred Robbins and find out
the latest disk dope
and platter chatter

By Fred Robbins



HYA, CHICKS! Are you getting your kicks? Well, let's sample what ticks and knock out some licks!

I mean licks about what ticks in the jump-dumps and jive-dives this month. Like a new batch of movies for your glimmers, there's lotsa new cookies for your sound flap in that ever-lovin' oven. Lemme put my paw in and take out the well-done ones. We're in business!

HEAVENLY!

KAY KYSER: "Boin-n-ng!", "If My Heart Had a Window." Did I say well

done? Jack, this one features Jane Russell, and is she W.D. or is she W.D.? That word 'Boin-n-ng' is just about all you can gulp when you spot a chicken like her and it listens like a cute novelty. So what if she's no Dinah! The 'Ole Professor sure can pick vocal scenery—Georgia Carroll, Ginny Simms and now—hubba! Harry Babbitt's on the flip with his cellophane vest for "If My Heart Had a Window." (Columbia)

TOMMY DORSEY: "Time After Time," "It's the Same Old Dream." The kid who used to work for the Fabulous One sang these in that picture about

Brooklyn. And the guy trying to follow in his tonsilsteps has a fling at 'em. A good fling, too, 'cause Stu Foster owns a dishy pair himself. Tonsils, that is. Nice dancin' this, Sis. (Victor)

FREDDY MARTIN: And as long as you're stroppin' your insteps, here's more sound for the same purpose. Coupla ballads from "My Favorite Brunette," starring the ski nose kid—"Beside You" and "Your Wish is My Command." Let's dance a little closer and hear Stuart Wade sing the first and Gene Conklin the backside. Then we'll put on another dapper (Please turn to page 83)



Here he is again, that glamor boy of disk jockeys and lightnin' conductor of this department—below, with two famous guests, Carmen Miranda and Ella Logan, on Fred's 1280 Club.



Two more noted guests for Fred's show: pianist Hazel Scott, above, and Kitty Kallen, top. Catch Fred on the screen in Columbia's "Thrills of Music" yet?

In

**Stars
take
on
new
glamor
when
they
change
their
types**



Joan Fontaine, above, as she appears opposite Bing Crosby in Paramount's "The Emperor Waltz." Left, Joan as is.

And Out Of Character



Cornel Wilde, above, as he cuts a dashing figure in the costume picture, "Forever Amber." Right, the real Wilde Man.



*"I'm a
Bad Girl
(on the screen)
and
I Like it!"*

**Says Ava Gardner
To Dora Albert**

**"I don't know what
they see in my face to cast
me as 'that type of girl.'
Anyway, it's fun!" Gor-
geous Gardner speaking**



I'M A bad girl on the screen and like it!" Ava Gardner said to me, her green eyes looking straight at me, as she sat on a couch in one of MGM's offices, looking like anything in the world but a "bad" girl. She's tall, and wears smart but casual clothes. She's much more sophisticated-looking on the screen than off it. Off the screen, with her clear, smooth skin, green eyes and chestnut hair, she looks like a fugitive from an artist's model agency—since she has exactly that look of wholesomeness which artists all over the country hunt for.

Her official biography says she was once a John Robert Powers model. Her official biography—according to Ava Gardner herself—is all wrong on that score, since she never was a model and has never even met John Robert Powers. But she has the Look.

Off the screen, it's a startlingly different look from most of the rôles she's played on the screen. You can't help remembering her as the cheap tramp in "Whistle Stop," the deadliest killer of them all in "The Killers"—only she didn't need a lethal weapon (she could do it with a look) and as a hard, tough girl in other pictures. Right now she's playing the tough night club singer in "The Hucksters," in which MGM will make it obvious what girls like *Jean Ogilvie* (the character she plays) can do to any man's blood pressure.

"When I was a child and used to see actresses playing such rôles on the screen, I'd think to myself, 'Well, they must really be tough or they couldn't play such parts.' Now I hope my fans will be more intelligent than I was.

"I don't know what Seymour Nebenzal, the first producer to cast me in such a rôle in 'Whistle Stop,' saw in my face to make him decide I could play that type of girl. But I've been grateful ever since, because 'Whistle Stop' led to 'The Killers' and to other interesting rôles. Years ago I played a one line bit part for Mr. Nebenzal. Then one day he saw me at a party, looked at me and said, 'I

remember you. I have a feeling you'd be just right for a part in 'Whistle Stop.' Shortly afterwards, he borrowed me for the rôle.

"I think bad girl parts are easier to play than any other kind because they give you a chance to get out of your own personality and to play someone else. After all, an actress likes to act, and since most of us are not witches, we can really go to town when we play such women.

"It's always easier to play someone else than to be (Please turn to page 67)

Ava Gardner, who plays an alluring night club singer in "The Hucksters," sheds sirenish veneer when she isn't emoting before the cameras. Below, gin rummy with Gable. Above, giving her stand-in knitting instructions and modeling a dress for Director Conway, who sits on the floor as he tries to decide whether it is too long.





IT'S BEEN ten years since I started out in Hollywood. Behind those years are lessons I've learned, mistakes I've made, hopes I've seen blasted or realized—and a fuller conception of what makes life worthwhile.

Ordinarily, I try to steer away from articles in which I give advice. But I have had so many letters from boys and girls who have asked me how to get into and succeed in pictures that I've decided to give my ideas exclusively in this article for SCREENLAND. Not that my experiences are world-shaking. Or that my ideas are absolute authority. But perhaps what I've gone through may be of interest, and help, to those young people starting out today as I did ten years ago.

So many young people want to come to Hollywood today to go into pictures—and so few are equipped for what lies ahead of them. I know how unequipped I was when I first hit the town. I could never recommend, therefore, anyone's coming here with high hopes unless he was loaded with talent and, incidentally, some money. And by talent I don't merely mean personality. Some think personality and beauty are all that is needed and the gates to film fame will open. The acting, (Please turn to page 77)



Payne, not so old himself, likes youngsters, understands their problems. Here he goes over script of "Miracle on 34th Street" with fellow player Natalie Woods

*TIPS
to
YOUNG
PEOPLE
who want
to
GO PLACES*

*by
JOHN PAYNE*

As told to Jon Bruce

PIRATE'S PRIZE



Portrait by Ed Estabrook



And what a prize! Rod Cameron captures Maria Montez in Universal's "Pirates of Monterey," above.



PAULA breathed deep of the clear, thin desert air. This was always the best part of coming home, this first glimpse of the gray cactus-covered mesa country stretching ahead of her until in the far distance the purple hills shut it in, held it prisoner. It was her sanctuary, and she was crawling into it again as she had done so often before.

Her mind went racing ahead of her car, recognizing and holding each landmark long before they were distinguishable on that twisting road, full of sharp hairpin turns. Then at last there was the sign post, Chuckawalla, 5 miles, and that last sharpest twist of all leading abruptly to the narrow steel bridge.

There was a sudden screaming of brakes then as she saw the two men those few feet ahead of her, standing beside their parked sedan staring at the broken rail which hadn't been fixed since a car had smashed through and down to the dry river bed below. As her roadster came to a grinding stop, Paula honked the horn impatiently. "Please," she ordered. "I'm in a hurry."

They turned and looked at her and even then, in the beginning, before she knew either of them, it was the darker one who held her. His eyes, they were strange eyes, remote and unfathomable, quickened as he looked at her and she found herself flushing as she passed, disturbed by the intensity of her own reaction.

Her confusion added to the uncertainty she had already been feeling. She wondered why she had been so impatient

Desert Fury

The desert was always there, waiting. And

two men were waiting, too, for a beautiful

and spirited girl to make up her mind which

one of them she loved. Novelized version of

the new Hal Wallis production starring

Lizabeth Scott, John Hodiak, Burt Lancaster

Fictionized by
Elizabeth B. Petersen





Lizabeth Scott as Paula, John Hodiak as the big-time gambler, Eddie Bendix, meet over the protests of Paula's mother, Fritzi, played by Mary Astor, top. Paula is under Eddie's sinister spell though Johnny Ryan (Wendell Corey), lower right, tries to break up their romance.



"DESERT FURY"

A Hal B. Wallis Production
for Paramount release

Directed by Lewis Allen. Screenplay by Robert Rossen from the novel by Ramona Stewart. With the following cast:

Eddie Bendix JOHN HODIAK
Paula Haller LIZABETH SCOTT
Tom Hanson BURT LANCASTER
Fritzi Haller MARY ASTOR
Claire Lindquist KRISTINE MILLER
Judge Berle Lindquist W. HARRIGAN
Pat Johnson, Sheriff JAMES FLAVIN
Mrs. Lindquist JANE NOVAK
and introducing WENDELL COREY as
Johnny Ryan

to get there as she reached the outskirts of the town. For now that she was here she found herself holding off the moment of return. It was always like this coming home. There were always those mixed emotions of eagerness and reluctance.

The street lay before her, dusty and familiar, the usual Main Street of a town like this, a few stores, a movie theater and the inevitable saloons. She slowed down to a crawl as she passed the biggest one, the Purple Sage, looking toward the shuttered windows. As she glanced away again she saw the two women on the sidewalk, Judge Lindquist's wife and daughter.

She should have known better than to call out that friendly greeting. For they stood there studiously avoiding her glance, just like all the other times. Only each time they had done it had made her just that much harder, so that now she could smile that strained smile and pretend they amused her.

"Window shopping?" she mocked.

The younger one turned. "Yes," her voice was as cold as her pale eyes, her thin smile. "But we don't like what we see. It's too cheap." And taking her mother's arm she stepped off the curb.

All pretense of amusement fled at that. Paula felt her temper rise in a suffocating wave that left her trembling and weak. Suddenly she stepped on the accelerator so hard that the car shot forward in a dizzying burst of speed and her laughter came again as the women jumped back on the sidewalk squealing their fright.

She was still laughing as she saw Tom Hanson, the tall young deputy sheriff, standing beside the water cooler in





Tom Hanson, the young deputy sheriff, played by Burt Lancaster, above, tries to protect Paula against herself and her attachment for the gambler. But Paula's hurt pride drives her on, and though Fritz tells Tom, "She'll never be like me, and she'll never leave me," Paula leaves home to join Eddie.



The Purple Sage had all the excitement of the old West of frontier days, in modern dress





"Desert Fury," from Hal Wallis' new film starring Lizabeth Scott, John Hodiak, and Burt Lancaster in powerful rôles, is fictionized here in all its dramatic intensity. Tell us: do YOU enjoy reading novelized versions of the big new pictures? Write in your frank opinions

The story of "Desert Fury" mounts to a thrilling climax as Paula (Lizabeth Scott) finally disillusioned by Eddie's cruelty, runs away from him and, though he follows her, she is ultimately rescued by Tom, right (Burt Lancaster).

front of the drug store. There was amusement in his blue eyes but his mouth managed to remain serious as she parked along the curb.

"I ought to give you a ticket for that," he said, trying to sound stern.

"It'd be worth it," Paula grinned impishly. "The way they jumped, like two hens!"

"You might have killed them," he pointed out, but a smile was tugging at his lips.

"It was self-defense. They were throwing knives at me. Glad to see me, Tom?"

"Not particularly," he tried to say it lightly but there was that look in his eyes that was always there for Paula.

It helped seeing that look again. "I'm glad to see you, too," she said warmly. Then she stiffened as a car pulled up alongside and the two men she had seen at the bridge got out of it.

Tom saw her flush as they came over to her and his mouth tightened. He looked like the law now, grim and wary. "Hello, Bendix," he said curtly. "Staying around here?"

"Halvorsen ranch," the dark one nodded, his eyes holding Paula as they had before.

"Business?" Tom persisted.

It was the other one who answered, the one with the surly, hard-bitten face. "Coppers! All (Please turn to page 60)





Since "The Killers" big Burt has been movie news. After completing "Desert Fury" for Hal Wallis he went back to Universal-International for "Brute Force," Mark Hellinger's production in which Anita Colby, left, Ann Blyth, above, and Ella Raines, right above, also appear. At right, Burt with boss Hellinger and Mrs. Hellinger. Below, with Mrs. Lancaster, the former Norma Anderson. The Lancasters will be three in November.

EVER since Universal-International released the Mark Hellinger production of Hemingway's great short story, "The Killers," the U-I fan mail department has been swamped with letters addressed to Mr. Burt Lancaster. The subject matter of these letters ranges from A to Z (ardent to zany), but compiled, their gist is: Burt Lancaster is the type of man we'd like to love, and love to marry. When, on December 28, 1946, Norma

Anderson married Burt Lancaster in Yuma, Arizona, automatically she became The Girl Most Envied by a large part of our feminine population, and her love story became their favorite version of that old classic, Boy meets Girl.

Boy actually met Girl in the spring of 1945, in a 5th Army Rest Camp a few miles from Naples, Italy. Burt was a PFC serving with the Army Service Forces and his (Please turn to page 73)



By Marcia Daughtrey

AND NOW READ: The Real Life

Lancaster LOVE STORY



Burt's own romantic courtship and marriage told in exclusive interview

the O'Connor troupe

They're all troupers: Don (welcome back),
Gwendolyn, baby Donna Gwen—meet the family
here in this gay, intimate and revealing article

By Gwendolyn (Mrs. Donald) O'Connor



Troupers three: beautiful, red-haired, brown-eyed Gwendolyn, cute Donna Gwen, proud husband and pop Donald. Don started trouping at three. Will Donna Gwen follow in his dance-steps? Mom Gwendolyn thinks so.

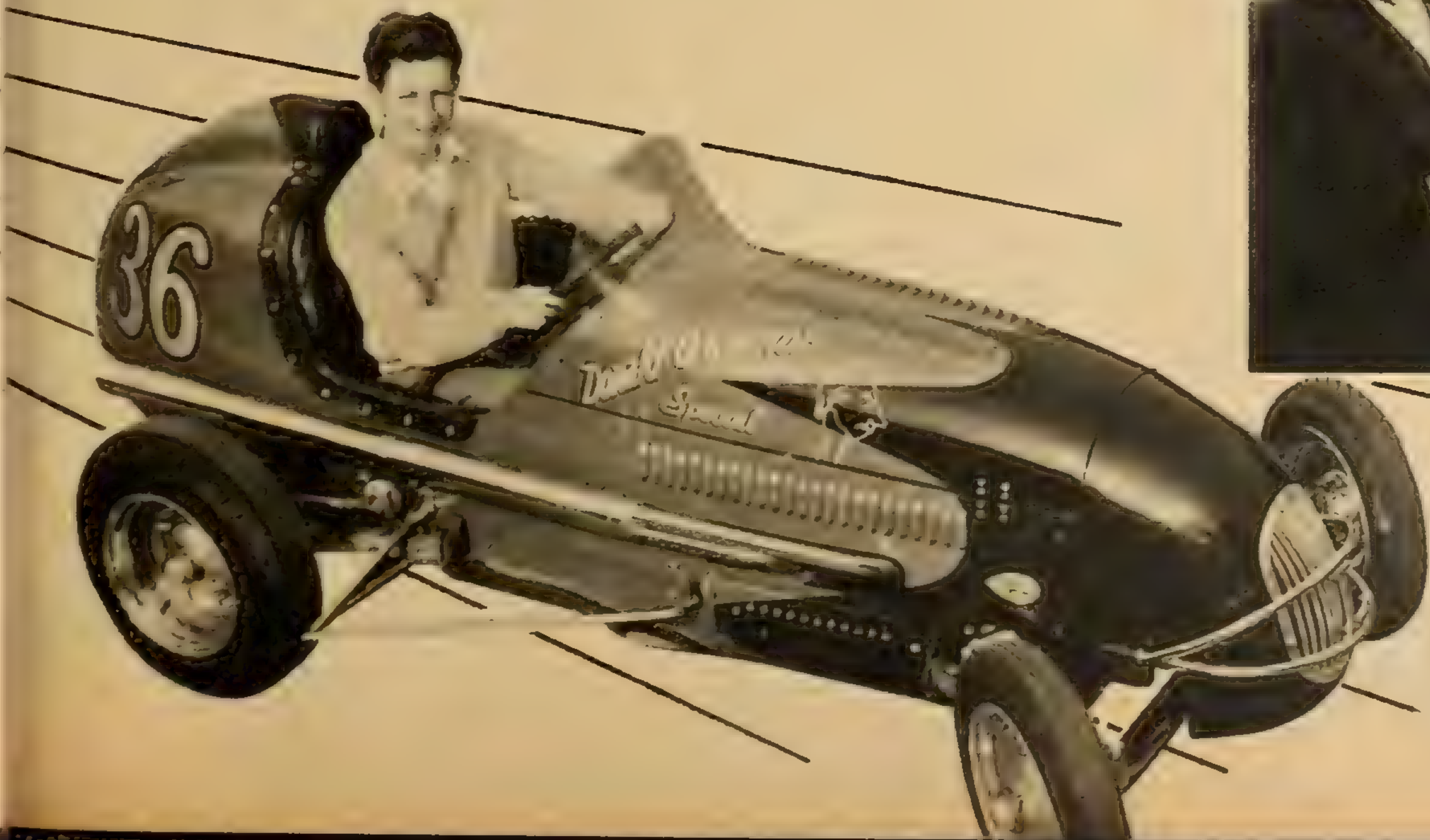


Donald O'Connor's back, and Deanna Durbin's got him—in Universal-International's "Something in the Wind." Left, Don and Deanna with songwriter Johnny Green. Above, co-stars Durbin and O'Connor between scenes with assistant dance director Margaret Westberg. Below, Mister and Missus, and Don in scene from film with Deanna and Charles Winninger.

THE NEWS on the O'Connors is, of course, first, that Don is really back at work, with his picture opposite Deanna Durbin—"Something in the Wind"—completed; the studio planning big things for him; a weekly radio show; dreams of a Broadway play—all the excitement that goes with hard work. Don has known hard work since he was a three-year-old, and I'll tell you a little later why I place the fact of his full-time work at the studio and broadcasting station even ahead of the news of Donna Gwen O'Connor.

Donna Gwen (I gave her her first name, Donald gave her her second) has red hair like mine and blue eyes like Donald's. She is, of course, adorable; and she has, above every other quality, that alertness which makes her father a unique person. She not only notices everything—she wants to mix in everything. That's Don!

It's been so long since Donald has been active in movies, and news in SCREENLAND, that I realize I ought to do the embarrassing chore of introducing myself. Some of SCREENLAND's readers, Don warns me, haven't met me, and some may never even have heard of me. That's nonsense. The baby was news, and told about in all the newspaper columns, as well as SCREENLAND's up-to-date (Please turn to page 64)





Eddy, who says he'd like to be "a saddle-sore Sinatra,"

disproves all those old stories that he's aloof, ungracious,

and takes himself seriously

By
Fredda
Dudley

The
**NELSON
EDDY**

nobody knows?

WELL
NOW YOU DO!

A WRITER'S favorite person to interview is another writer. (This is not Narcissism, but is founded upon the same fraternal fascination which causes one airline pilot to seek out another at a party, or one surgeon to compare case histories with any available colleague.) Second interview choice is anyone with talent. Talented folk are inevitably "good copy"—i.e., their reported conversation makes spirited reading. Third choice (feminine) is a handsome, well-groomed man with a ready wit and a way with women.

When all three choices are combined—improbably enough—in one human being, it is not surprising that Officer Dunnegan, gateman at Republic Studios, is driven frantic by a daily influx of writers cajoling the officer for passes to the Nelson Eddy set.

The title of the picture Mr. Eddy is now completing is still in jeopardy. Originally it was called "One Exciting Kiss," a label with critical implications since Mr. Eddy kisses Ilona Massey *four* times in the film. Queried on this situation, Ilona (who is still fighting the English language syllable by syllable) responded, "I enjoyed every four of them." Shunning the temptation to call the opus, "Four Exciting Kisses," studio officials delighted Freudians and betrayed their box office ambitions by titling it "End of the Rainbow." As soon as the weather cleared and North Hollywood began to swelter in a series of ninety-five degree days, some genius had a chilling idea. Currently, the picture is called "Northwest Outpost."

Observed Nelson, "Someone should reassure the customers that, despite my Charlie McCarthy reputation for being a slow man with a dollar, I do NOT wear the red coat left over from 'Rose Marie' in this picture."

To return to our introduction which accused Nelson Eddy of being 1) a fellow-writer, 2) talented, and 3) handsome and witty along with having a way with women, it is high time someone stressed these truths while dispersing the nasty rumor that Nelson Eddy is aloof, ungracious, or inclined to take himself too seriously.

For years around Hollywood there was an unjust impression that Nelson Eddy was the Charles Evans Hughes of the vocal cord—resplendent with talent, remote with dignity. It is (Please turn to page 87)



"Maybe I can buy a git-tar and learn to be the chap who chir-rups in chaps," kids Nelson Eddy. Right now you'll see him in Republic's "Northwest Outpost," in which he plays a dashing Captain in a colorful story of the Russian settlement in northern California. Lovely Ilona Massey, facing page, is the gal.



fun for two

They got to be pals while working in "The Arnelo Affair": Frances Gifford, movie "Mom," and ten-year-old "son" Dean Stockwell. So they celebrated picture's completion with gay day at amusement park. Work was never like this!



Year 'Round Blouses

With an off-shoulder blouse Anne wears her Bernardo sandals. Black with separate gold anklet. Lord & Taylor, N. Y.



Pretty blouses have a special spot in all Hollywood wardrobes. Here's Anne Jeffreys modeling some nifties. Don't miss Anne in her new opus, "Riffraff"

By
Mary
Ellen
Martin

Write to the manufacturers listed on page 79 for name of store nearest you.



Young love and deep drama—movies run the gamut this month with Elizabeth Taylor and Jimmy Lydon as the youthful romancers of "Cynthia," upper left, and Lana Turner and Richard Hart, above and right, in MGM's epic, "Green Dolphin Street."



In "Cynthia" Elizabeth Taylor has her first kiss (from Jimmy Lydon) and sings for the first time on the screen.



In MGM's "Unfinished Dance," Karin Booth has first big rôle as a dancer.



PHOTO PREVIEWS

No, Keenan Wynn isn't appearing in the costume picture, "Green Dolphin Street," but like every other player on the MGM lot, he likes to watch La Turner at work, so he proudly escorts her to the set. Lana is wearing one of the thirty-two gowns of nineteenth century designed for her.

Ty Power and Lana Turner, who've been side-stepping the limelight their romance has placed them in, were snapped at the Chanteclair when they weren't looking. Another scoop, on opposite page, shows them dodging fans while leaving a night spot. Lana's an ash blonde now for her new rôle in the MGM production, "Cass Timberlane."



Here's Hollywood

AT the birthday party Lana gave Ty only his best friends were present. Mr. and Mrs. Lee Cobb, Cesar Romero, Ty's cutter and his publicity woman, and a few others comprised the list. When Lana visited the "Captain from Castile" set, she took one look at Romero's magnificent beard and cried: "Save it for me when you cut it off." She was kidding, but Cesar still "saved" it. He brought it to the party beautifully moulded into a nest that held a white orchid! Lana promptly used it for a centerpiece on the table. Mr. Powers' "loot" was terrific. His best girl, whose initials spell Lana Turner, gave him a gold cigarette case with cuff links to match, a monogrammed leather script cover, and a home recording machine covered in alligator.

JOAN Crawford (and well she should have) must have known she had a hit in "Possessed." She attended the preview with Greg Bautzer and the Van Johnsons. Miracle gal in more ways than one, Joan sat there in the

dark and knitted a three-color sock throughout the entire picture. Van was so touched by her performance, he almost had to use it for a handkerchief.

JUST why a girl as beautiful as Angela Lansbury has to be relegated to those slattern rôles is a mystery to us. To Angela, too, for that matter. The studio says it's because no other actress can play them as well. At any rate, they've promised her that the part opposite Walter Pidgeon in "If Winter Comes" will be her last type-casting.

WITH the completion of "Ivy" for Universal-International, Joan Fontaine is free of her David Selznick contract. On all deals from now on, she gets the full amount paid out for her services. For some unexplained reason, both Dana Andrews and Robert Taylor didn't want to be in "Thunder on the Hill," Joanie's next cinema effort. All of which



Gossip by Weston East



makes a nice break for Burt Lancaster, who wanted it and got it.

IF WE know David Niven (and we do!) he isn't too serious about Rita Hayworth, or any other actress. And we hope Audrey Totter is listening in. She's been dating David, which is nice dating. But on the set of "High Wall," where she's playing opposite Robert Taylor, Audrey confided she wants to keep it all a secret. Years ago David was really in love with a famous star and got terribly hurt as a result. It's our guess that when he does marry again, it will be to an Englishwoman and a non-professional.

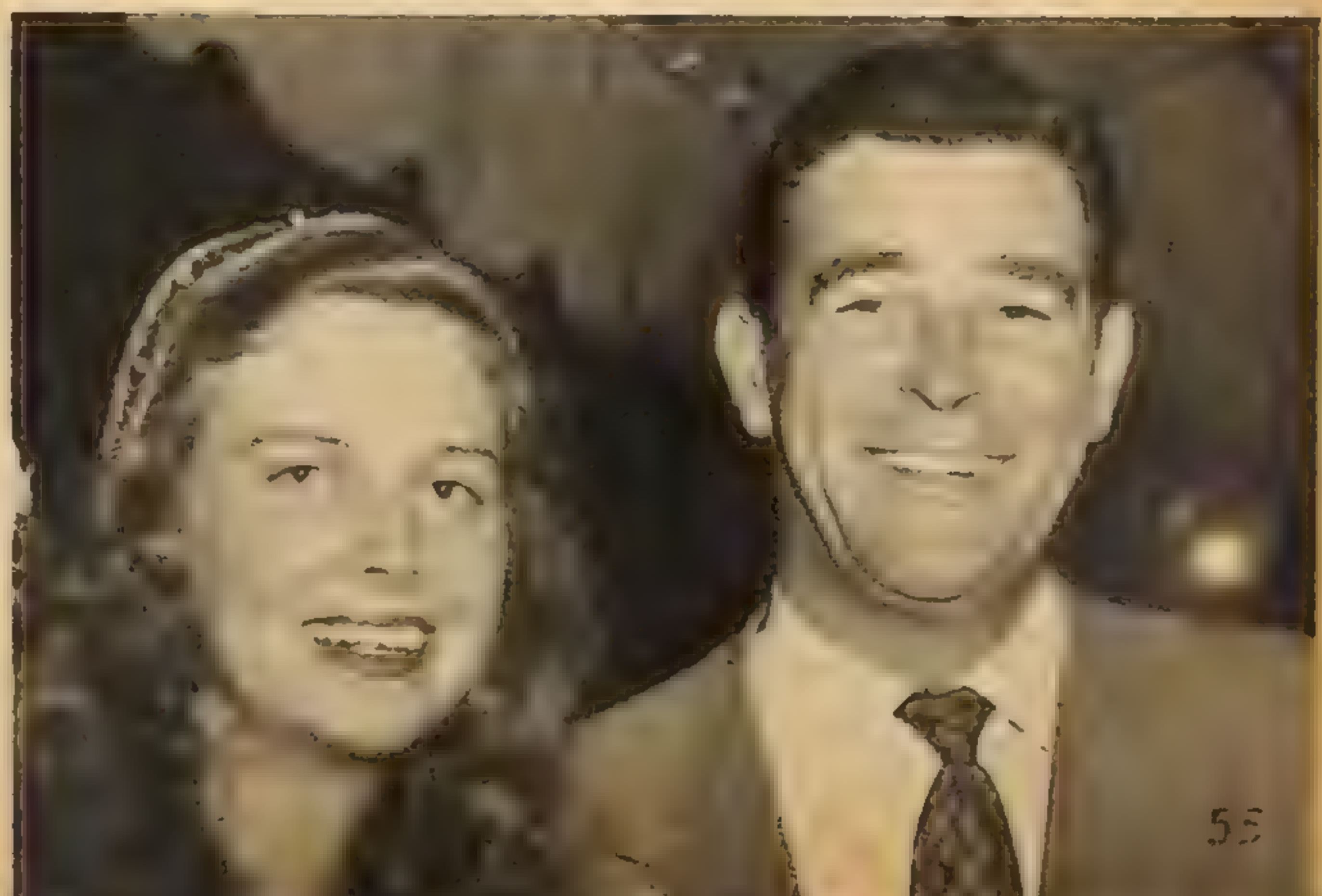
ALL CORNEL Wilde's past hits have been serious drama and in Technicolor. After finishing "Forever Amber" and reporting to Columbia, he asked to be in "It Had to Be You," a black and white film that co-stars him with Ginger Rogers. "I know so little about comedy," he was intelligent enough to tell Ginger.

"I'll appreciate it if you'll help me all you can." He certainly couldn't have picked a better teacher.

VAN JOHNSON got the biggest laugh of the evening at the farewell party Maria Montez gave for Jean Pierre Aumont. (Jean is going to make a picture in England.) "It



It's Raven McBride Orson Welles is dating these days. Right, their attention is called for a candid shot. At far right, Jane Withers and Bill Moss at their engagement party. Rod Cameron and Nancy Johnson, romancees, attend premiere at lower right; below, dinner double date for the Bill Doziers (Joan Fontaine) and the Adrian Scotts (Ann Shirley).





Manhattan's Fifth Avenue bus (old style) gives stars rides to Hollywood premiere of "It Happened on Fifth Avenue." Passengers above are the Wayne Morris, Forest Tucker and Alan Hale, descending to mingle with the gay opening night throng.

Here's Hollywood Continued

was Evie's birthday," grinned Van. "She came home and found a little group of packages. Attached was a card that read: 'Husbands may come and husbands may go — but your 29th birthday goes on forever!'" Needless to say, it was signed by Keenan Wynn, Van's best friend, Evie's former husband — and our favorite funny man.

THINGS will never be the same in that Santa Ana Hospital where Bette Davis had her new daughter. Never in case history did they receive so many phone calls and baskets of flowers. As long as Bette had the choice of birthdays for her Caesarian-born baby, little Barbara Davis Sherry (named after Bette's sister) came into the world on May 1st. Believe it or not, the little lady is already an engaged woman. Rosalind Russell, whose

Victor Moore, pic's star, at left with his pretty, young wife seated next to him, obliges with his autograph at premiere.



Mrs. Alan Hale, Paul Kelly, Philip Reed with Ann Miller, find time to chat before the picture begins.





son, Lance Brisson, was four years old on May 4th, sent a fast wire. "How about my son marrying your daughter?" she inquired. "See you at the wedding," Bette answered her.

HUMPHREY Bogart walked into a little drugstore in Mexico's San José Purua, where Warner Bros. is shooting "The Treasure of the Sierra Madre." At the soda fountain Bogey, with much gesturing and bad Spanish, tried to describe a banana split. The Mexican soda jerk listened intently. Suddenly his face broke into a broad grin. "Oh, now I get it," he cried in perfect English. "You want a Vine Street special!"

IF YOU read the book (and who didn't?) you'll remember she was called "Amber" because of her amber-colored eyes. Well, even Hollywood's movie magic couldn't change the color of Linda Dar-

nell's dark brown orbs. A problem? Not at all. They just changed the color of her hair to amber and used *that* as the reason! Linda went to Europe for a long rest. Pev Marley will join her (he hopes) as soon as he can get away from his Warner Bros. camera assignments.

THE NEW Red Skelton baby has been named "Valentine Marie"—which Red automatically shortened to "Tina Red." Yes, like both her parents she's a redhead.

HOW'D you like to have Ray Milland for a husband? He had to start work on "So Evil My Love," opposite Ann Todd, in England. Mrs. Milland was to follow with their son, Danny, after school was out. When he said goodbye Ray presented his adored wife with one of those new platinum mink coats. "Just to remember me by," he teased her.

WHEN Clark Gable and his good friends, the Walter Langs, went fishing in Oregon recently, they promised to send back some prizes to Ann Sothorn and Bob Sterling in Hollywood. They kept their promise. Ann and Bob received a case of — canned tuna!

THE DAY he stopped looking like Boris Karloff (because of an awful attack of giant hives) Dick Powell decided he and June Allyson would enlarge their house. June even ordered a dress that featured a blue-print pattern of their plans. Then quite by accident Dick drove by an English country house that had a "For Sale" sign. He dashed home for June, they took one look, and made out the check. "Now I'll have room to have my children visit me more often," said Dick. Wonder if he purposely forgot to mention that the new home *also* has a nursery?



Across the top of the page: Lee Bonnell and Gail Storm, star of Allied Artists' "It Happened on Fifth Avenue," sit next to Catherine McLeod and Don Barry at the Hollywood premiere. Above, the Lee Bonnells (expecting their third child); center, Joel and Belita McGinnis; right, Jon and Frances Hall.



She does it again!

Crawford creates

another

brilliant

characterization

of a tormented

woman—even more

powerful than

"Mildred Pierce"

SCREENLAND
SALUTES
JOAN CRAWFORD
IN
"POSSESSED"

Scenes above show Joan Crawford in highlights of Warner Brothers' impressive new psychological drama, "Possessed," in which the star portrays a mentally unstable woman whose love affair with philandering Van Heflin further submerges her into darkness—from which her devoted husband, played by Raymond Massey, stands by to rescue her. Geraldine Brooks as her step-daughter—another victim of Heflin's way-with-women—shows great promise. Still, it's Crawford's triumph all the way.

SCREEN Tests

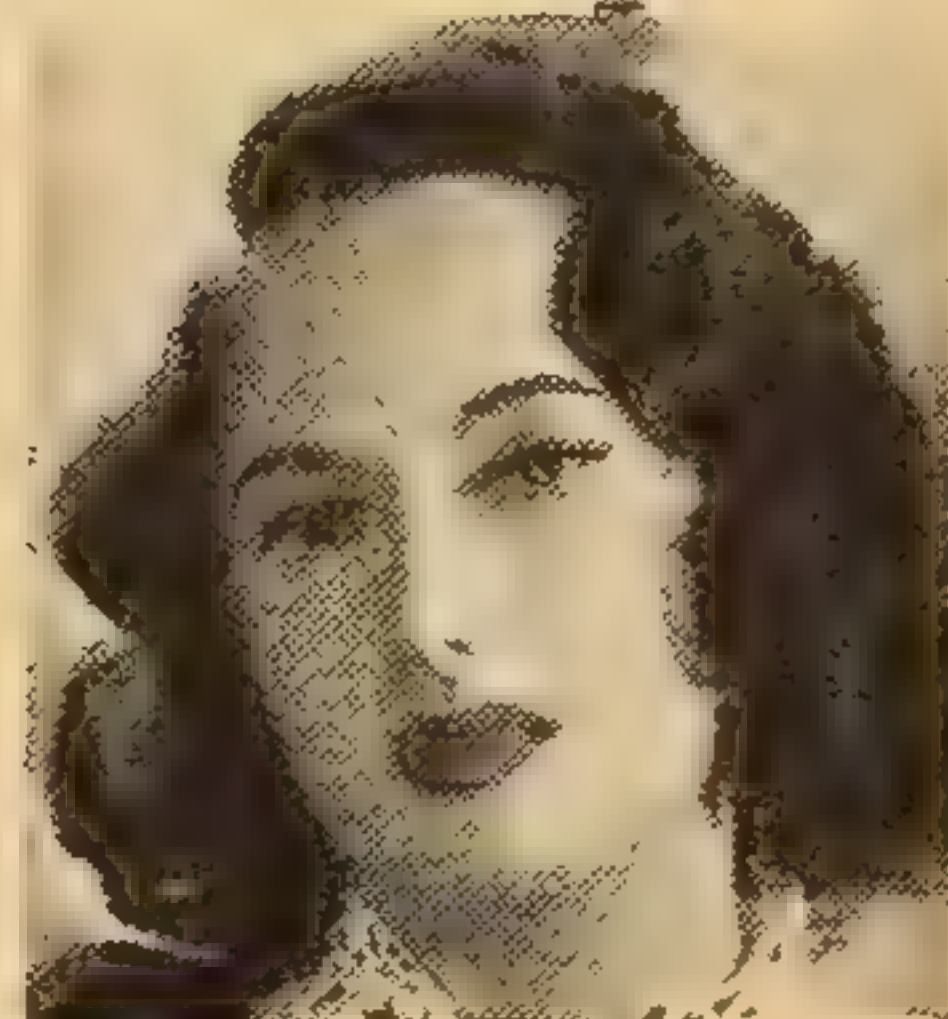
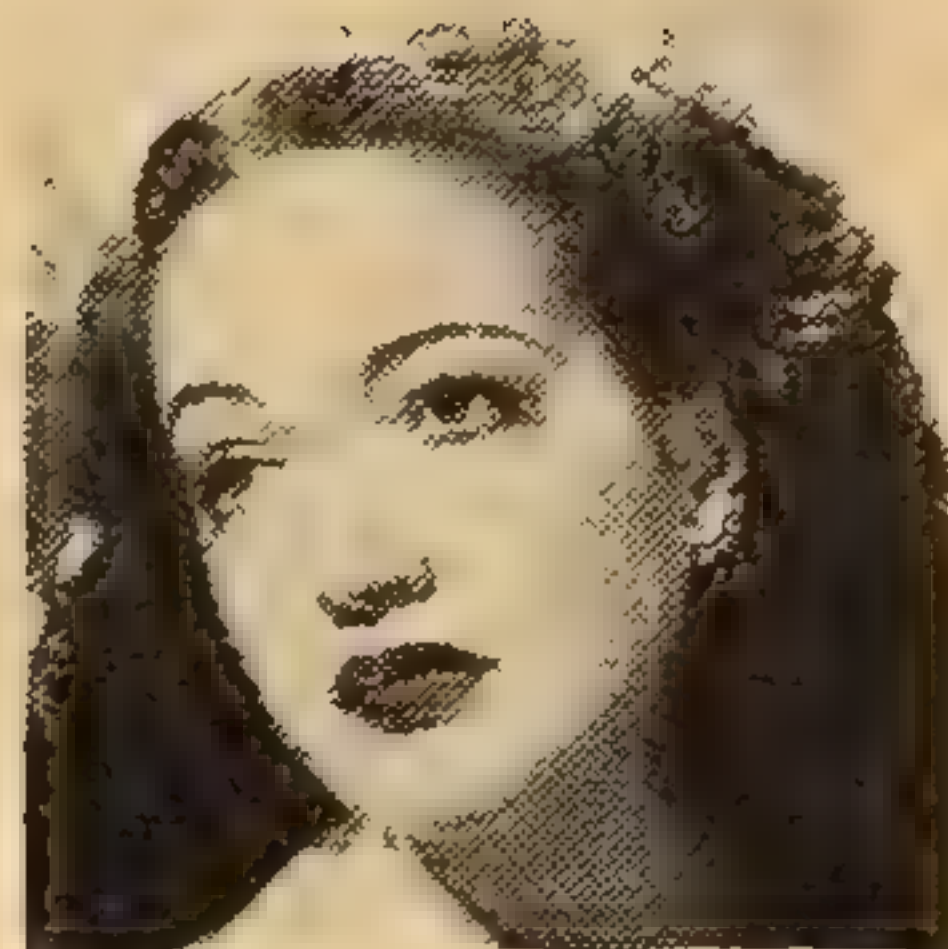
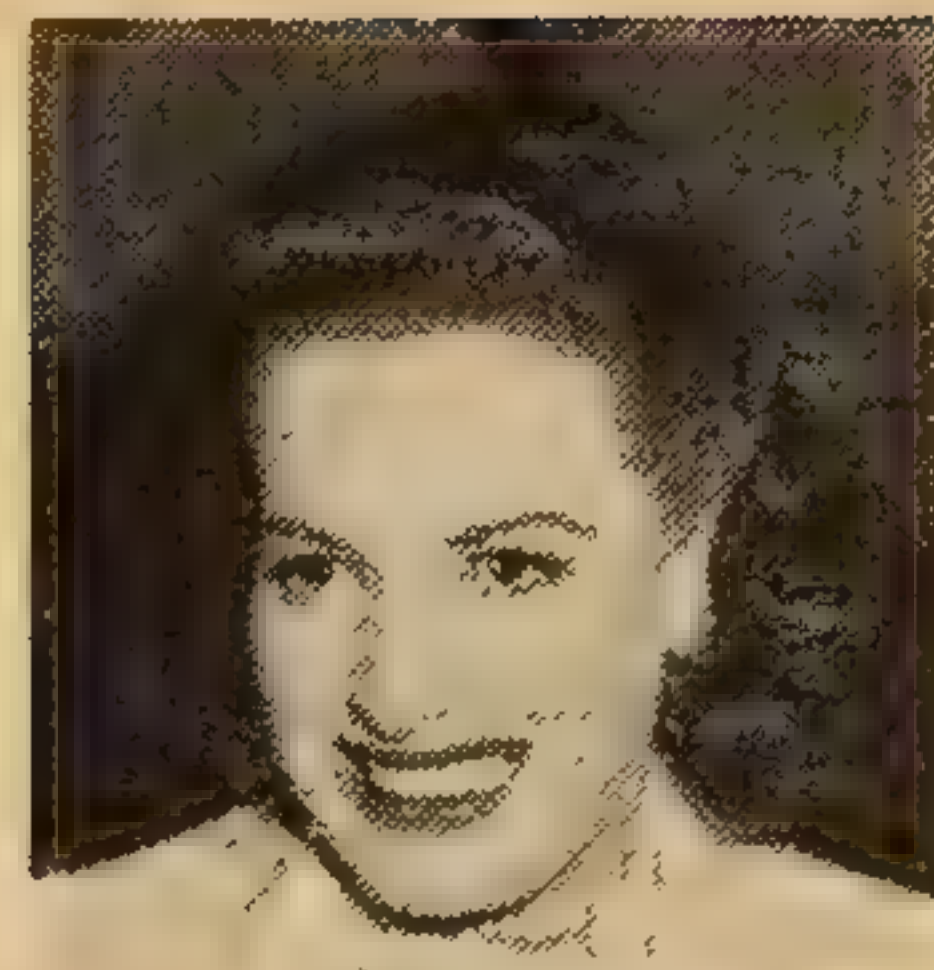
☆ By ALMA TALLEY ☆

MIXED-UP THEATER MARQUEES

At the left below are the mixed-up titles of outstanding movies during the past year or so. Opposite each one, in the right hand column, is the tangled-up name of a star who appeared in it. How many of them can you straighten out?



- | | |
|----------------------------------|-------------------|
| 1. TOWSLED KNEE | LYMAN DILAR |
| 2. ITS EYES ROVE BLUR SOFA | CHARRID CREMF |
| 3. HEARTY INGLE | KOGGER PERCY |
| 4. EAGERY HELP TO LEGATE | NALLA MORCOND |
| 5. OGRABOMEN | WARDEN NASAD |
| 6. IF ITERUE FALLS DOWN | MIJATT MEWRYS |
| 7. GET IN A GHED | LERBECCAL TEDUTTO |
| 8. SUITORNOO | BRENDA MIGGRIN |
| 9. RYN HEV | CLOVENUE IRRILEA |
| 10. LIBE GETS HEP | ALLURE BLANCA |



LOOKING FOR THE STARS

In the group of letters below you can spell out the last names of at least twenty-five stars. You may move any way you like, diagonally, up or down, but do not use the same square twice in one name. For instance, in the upper left hand corner, starting with A N D, you can find adjoining letters to spell Andrews. Go on from there and see how many you can get.



A	N	D	T	I	E	R
S	E	R	U	N	N	E
T	W	A	S	O	Y	D
H	R	G	B	L	E	A
B	C	A	L	A	N	R
O	A	R	M	I	D	O
H	A	R	U	O	F	D

WATCH THE WORDS

In each of the sentences below you'll find the last name of a movie star. A simple example: In addition to lamb STEW, ARTichokes were on the menu. How many can you find below?



1. In salad dandelion greens are better than on the lawn.
2. Always obey the dictates of your conscience.
3. The mountains were so lovely he sat down and drew some pictures.
4. Suddenly there loomed before them an iceberg many times the size of their little boat.
5. At the bargain counter there was a free-for-all grab led by belligerent women.
6. She let the door slam, arriving in a great state of rage.
7. They celebrated Christmas on shipboard.
8. It's nice to have ready money.
9. Sometimes he stuck in a raisin at random, so the snow man wore polka dots.
10. It's best to stay sober on all occasions.

Answers on page 88

Desert Fury

Continued from page 40

the same," he jibed. "Big mouths, asking questions."

Bendix wheeled on him. "Go inside, Johnny," he ordered. "And find out about Halvorsen." He turned to Tom then, his manner easy, apparently unconcerned. "You were saying?" he asked, and there was no doubt of the mockery in his voice.

Tom's eyes narrowed. "I was asking if you were here on business."

"No," he answered as if he were just making conversation. "Nothing like that. I just came out to be on the desert." He turned to Paula and she felt as if ice-cold fingers were running up and down her back. "What's your name?" he asked.

"Paula," she said, knowing she couldn't have held back the information, even if she had wanted to. "Paula Haller."

Tom frowned. "I'll make it formal," he said quickly. "Paula, this is Mr. Bendix."

"We've met," Paula couldn't hide her excitement. "At the bridge coming into town." She held out her hand. "Glad to know you," she said.

Even her excitement hadn't prepared her for that sudden tumult in her heart as his hand touched hers and held it. She had never felt like this, shaken and elated and frightened all at the same time so that she didn't know if she were sorry or relieved when Johnny came out of the store again and the two men drove off.

"Who is he?" she asked then, her voice trembling in spite of her effort to control it.

"Eddie Bendix, a very important man, a gambler," Tom said evenly. "I met him on that same bridge a couple of years ago."

There was more she wanted to know but there was a closed look around Tom's eyes that warned her against further questioning. "I guess I'd better go see Fritz," she said, shifting into gear. "So long, Tom."

It was strange how she always thought of Fritz as Fritz, never mother. She wondered how it would have been if things had been different. If Fritz had been like the other girls' mothers, who had come to visit them at school, middle-aged and maternal, instead of the vital, sophisticated woman she was. And the old loneliness came back so that even when she reached the house she knew it didn't help coming home.

The door was open and Paula went in quietly. She heard voices in the living room and she started toward the stairs, for as much as she dreaded the first moment alone with her mother, she dreaded even more having anyone witness their meeting. But just as she reached the stairs, the living room door was flung open and Fritz stood there.

"Darling," she said in the husky voice of hers which was at once pleasant and unpleasant, hard and a little wistful all at the same time. "First you come home without letting me know and then you were going to sneak upstairs without even saying hello."

"Hello, Fritz," Paula said, wishing she could feel as warm and friendly and easy with her mother as she had with Tom. "I had a long trip. I was tired. I thought I would freshen up."

"You look good to me, Baby," Fritz said with the transient affection which always confused Paula because she never knew if it was sincere or just something Fritz put on like her over-bright lipstick. "Doesn't she, Judge, doesn't she look good?"

Paula tensed as she saw Judge Lindquist appear in the doorway. He was big and important-looking and he towered over Fritz, but even a stranger looking at them would have known instinctively that he was the pawn and hers the hand which moved it. For the weakness was there in his florid face, just as the ruthlessness was there in Fritz's.

"She looks beautiful," he said, glancing up easily from one to the other. "And now with your permission, ladies, I'll leave."

"No, Judge," Fritz said in that voice which knew so well how to give orders. "I want you to stay."

Paula's mouth hardened. "What for?" she asked rebelliously. "To pass sentence?"

Fritz laughed. But her eyes weren't laughing. "Quick, isn't she, Judge? Quick temper, quick decisions."

"A family trait," the Judge said as if he were making a joke of it, and Fritz answered in that same light way.

"You know me better than that. I think about things for a long time." Her voice dropped its pretense then. "I just act quick," she added and there it was, the hardness, the warning.

Paula knew the little game was over. "All right, mother, let's have it," she said grimly.

"It was Fritz a minute ago," the older woman said bitterly. "An easy, friendly Fritz. Now it's mother. When she knows she can't get anything out of me, it's mother and it comes out hard as a rock. Well, what was it this time?"

"Same reason," Paula shrugged.

Fritz's eyes darkened. "This is the fifth school."

"It wouldn't make any difference if it were the fiftieth," the girl said defiantly.

"All right, then, it'll be fifty," Fritz said calmly ignoring the girl's frenzied protest. "Why are you any different than anybody else?"

"You mean his daughter?" Paula was shaking with fury as she nodded toward the Judge. "She was born to go to a finishing school, the little snob! I met her and her mother a few minutes ago. They both cut me dead."

"I'll talk to her," the Judge promised.

"What will you tell her, Judge?" Paula's voice rose furiously. "That there's really no difference between us, that you're one of Fritz's partners and that you get your money the same way Fritz does out of the Purple Sage, except that you get paid off in back alleys so that you can stay respectable? Or will you just talk to her the way you've been talking to her since I was six years old?"

"You're not six any more," Fritz cut in sharply.

"No," Paula's mouth twisted bitterly. "I used to cry when I was six. Now I'm like you. I'm getting more like you every day."

The Judge cleared his throat and this time Fritz didn't stop him as he suggested leaving.

"Look, Baby," she said as the door closed behind him, and again there was that trace of tenderness in her voice. "I don't want to fight with you. Tell me, why did you leave this time?"

"I told you. The usual reason. 'Where do you come from?'" Paula savagely mimicked a schoolgirlish voice. "'Who are your folks? What do they do?'"

"Do you always have to tell them?" Fritz sighed.

"What do you want me to do? Lie? I'm not ashamed of you! Do you want me to be?" And then as Fritz didn't answer, she went on defiantly. "I'm going to stay here. I'm going to work with you at the Purple Sage. I'm going to be like you."

"No!" Fritz jabbed her cigarette into an ash tray. "I used to work in a silk mill for eight dollars a week. I had one dress, one pair of shoes. My father was a lush, my mother didn't care. For me it was any way out, but for you. . . ." Something almost like panic came into her eyes. "Look, if something's eating you, tell me. I'll handle it like I always do."

"No, Fritz," Paula shook her head, and it was amazing how strong she felt. "This is one time you're not handling anything. It's my life, and I'm going to work it out my own way."

She thought she had won. Fritz didn't say anything more then, or those few hours later when she came down dressed in the white evening dress that would have been so much more suitable for a school dance than the Purple Sage. Even when they drove there together, Fritz didn't say a word.

So it was only after she had gone into the gambling room that she knew Fritz had won. For when she took her place at the crap table, the dealer pushed back her money. "Sorry," he said tersely. "Your mother's orders."

Someone laughed then, and Paula turned. "Here you are, Miss Haller," Eddie Bendix said. "Shoot for me."

She took the dice he offered her and though she'd never touched a pair before, rolling them came easy. They were lucky throws, and her excitement kept pace with the growing stacks of chips in front of her. Then suddenly there was that voice, Fritz's voice, lashing out at her. "I didn't know you had all that talent, Paula."

Fritz could be suave when she had to but she wasn't holding back her temper now as she glared from her daughter to the dealer.

"I asked her to shoot for me, Fritz," Eddie said, and the easiness in his voice gave him the whip hand. "She likes to gamble. It's in her blood."

Fritz's eyes were inscrutable. "Anything I can do for you, Eddie?"

"All right, now we talk," his eyes narrowed. "I caught me a visit from the

sheriff today. I didn't like it! I want you to call him off!"

"Me?" Fritzi's eyes widened.

"Don't play straight with me!" All pretense of easiness was gone now. "He's your boy; call him off. I don't like anybody trying to con me."

Fritzi's attempt to brazen it out faltered under his steely stare. "All right. I sent him," she admitted.

"Did you tell him to ask those questions, about my wife, about the accident, about the way she died?"

"No," Fritzi shook her head. "That must have been his own idea. Eddie, you can't blame me for wondering, blowing into town the way you do."

"Cut it," his voice lashed over hers. "I told that copper, the young one, I came here to be alone!"

"But I don't know what to figure," she was crawling now. As much as Fritzi could crawl to anyone. "The word's around that you got squeezed out at Vegas and—and we've got a pretty good set-up here. Maybe you want to move in."

"Maybe I want to go back to pitching pennies, too," his derisive laughter came and was as quickly gone again. "I don't want anything from you. I don't want anything from anybody. Just do like I tell you, Fritzi, and don't ask for trouble." And he turned on his heel and was gone, the obsequious Johnny along with him.

Paula couldn't hold back her exhilaration. "Like you talk to me, that's the way he talked to you," she gloated. "Do like I tell you, Fritzi, and—"

Her voice mimicking that swaggering masculine one stopped suddenly, as suddenly as Fritzi's hand reaching out and striking her across the mouth. There was that moment of silence then and Fritzi trembling and something funny happening in her eyes.

"Go home," she said, and all the fury was gone. "Go home, Baby."

Paula looked at her like a whipped puppy. "Yes, Mother," she said in that low, strained voice.

She felt as if she never wanted to see Fritzi again. She had to have time to think. But even a whole night of lying awake wasn't enough time for the thinking she had to do. So in the morning she got up early and saddled her horse and rode over to the ledge overlooking the whole valley.

She was disturbed at first when she saw the man on horseback galloping toward her. But when he came closer and she saw it was Tom she found she didn't mind the intrusion after all. Tom was different from other people. He never asked questions she couldn't answer or ordered her around or made demands.

"Nice view from here," she smiled as he reined in his horse beside hers. "You can see Chuckawalla."

"And the snow on the mountains," he said.

"And," her voice came wistfully, "and smoke coming out of a chimney and—"

"That's the Bar Triangle," he said. "Someday I'd like to buy it."

"That's the one next to the Halvorsen Ranch, isn't it?" And then breathlessly, "That's where Eddie Bendix is staying."

"Yeah," he said tonelessly, frowning a

little. But the frown couldn't keep her from going on.

"Did you know his wife?" she asked.

There was a closed look in his eyes. "Only after she was dead," he said. "I got there ten minutes after it happened. She went right through the guard rail at the bridge. It was a gory sight. She—" he caught himself and it was obvious he changed what he had been going to say. "She was a beautiful woman."

Paula's gray eyes brooded into the distance. "Such a horrible accident!"

"Yeah, accident," Tom's mouth twisted. "That's what it says on the record. I never could quite figure out why he was driving another car. He's no good," he said flatly. He waited a minute, then he added, "For you."

"Now you're building it up," Paula tried to sound casual but she flushed under his penetrating glance. "Let's go back," she suggested.

Fritzi was waiting for her when she got there. But there weren't any more fireworks. Fritzi was trying to make up for the night before, even saying she was sorry and suggesting all sorts of things, new clothes, a trip to Los Angeles, to make up for it. And Paula tried to play along with her as if it was all forgotten. But when evening came she didn't make any move to go along to the Purple Sage.

She went to bed early and she must have slept, because suddenly there was her mother's voice calling to her.

"You awake?" she was being gay and friendly as if they were really the sisters strangers always thought them to be. "Tom's down here. He wants to talk to you. He insisted on coming home with me."

Paula got up and threw a robe over her pajamas. She went downstairs and the first thing she noticed was that Tom looked different. Older, and a little grim. He didn't even smile as he caught Fritzi's arm as she turned to leave them.

"I want you to stay," he said, and his voice sounded as if he could give orders too. He looked at Paula and he kept on looking at her as he spoke. "Fritzi and I were cooking up a deal over at the Purple Sage. It concerns you. Paula, how would you like to marry me? It's like this," he went on, ignoring Fritzi's strangled protest. "Your mother just offered me a ranch, a big one, if I'd marry you. I'd like to know what my chances are."

This was worse than school, worse than last night. It was the most horrible thing that had ever happened to her. Paula felt cold, as if every ounce of blood had been drained out of her.

"Thanks a lot, Tom," she said then. "But I don't think I'll be around here long enough to take you up on that. Some other time, maybe."

"Paula," Fritzi's frantic voice tried to call her back, but she didn't even turn. She went right on up the stairs. And no one would have mistaken them for sisters now as Fritzi turned vehemently to Tom. "You know why I did it, for her own good and—and because I know you're in love with her. What made you do a fool thing like that?"

"I'll get my own ranch, when I can!" Tom had been holding in his fury so

long that his words came like a hail of bullets. "And if I want to marry your daughter, that's my business."

"You deliberately set her against me!"

"You're always pushing her around," his eyes were unrelenting. "One of these days you're going to push her right out of your life and when it comes it won't be pretty. For she won't need you then. She'll become just like you, dog eat dog."

"No," Fritzi protested. "She'll never be like me, and she'll never leave me."

But even as she was speaking Paula was throwing the few things she was taking with her into a suitcase. Only when she was in the car again did her rage leave and the fear begin to come. But she had to go on, on toward that outside world which always frightened her. For a moment she almost thought she was going to cry and then suddenly the danger of breaking was gone, for there was the bridge again, and there standing by the broken rail was Eddie.

She saw him start as her headlights picked him out, saw his hand go instinctively into his pocket. Then he recognized her car and came over to her. His face looked tortured as he stared at her in that hard, unsmiling way.

"Eddie," her heart was beating so fast she was sure he must hear it. "What are you doing out here alone at night?"

"Beat it!" His voice came hard and tense. And then as she just sat there looking at him in that bewildered way, he jerked his thumb impatiently. "You heard me tell you to beat it?"

"Yes," the word came in a whisper, but she didn't move.

"What do you want from me?" he demanded.

She shook her head. "Nothing," she gasped.

He laughed at that. "It's nice to meet someone who wants nothing." He opened the door of the car and slipped into the seat beside her. "Let's sit here awhile. I'm tired. It's a long walk from the ranch."

She sat there saying nothing, sensing that was how he wanted it. Then suddenly, unpredictably his mood changed. His arms went around her, his mouth closed over hers.

"You're a funny kid," he said then, his matter-of-fact voice making it seem as if the kiss had never happened. "Tell me about yourself."

"There isn't much to tell," Paula turned her face so that her cheek pressed against his suede jacket. "My mother brought me here when I was a kid. We came from New Jersey. My father was a bootlegger. He got killed. I don't remember him."

"I do," Eddie said.

Paula straightened. "You knew him?"

"Yeah, we were in the same racket."

"And Fritzi?"

"From a long way back. She ran a speak-easy after your old man got it."

"Tell me," Paula whispered. "What was Fritzi like then?"

His mouth tightened. His eyes shut out her question. "You two don't get along together, do you?" He saw Paula's stormy eyes then and laughed. "Okay, kid, skip it. It's none of my business."

"It is your business," she said. And it wasn't the words alone, it was the voice

she said it in and her eyes and her smile that made him suddenly wary.

"Don't make that mistake, kid," he said pushing her away from him.

"I didn't mean it that way," Paula faltered. "I wasn't trying to commit you."

"Don't!" he said sharply. "It won't do you any good."

He was drawing away from her, going back to something, or was it someone?, else. He was staring at the broken rail, and there was something frightening in his eyes.

"This is where it happened, isn't it?" she asked gently.

He grasped her arms so violently she gasped with the pain of it. "Sorry," he took out a cigarette and lit it with trembling hands. "Why didn't you beat it when I told you to?"

"I guess I wanted you to pick me up," she admitted.

The storm was over. "You don't pull your punches, do you?" he asked.

"I've heard you don't pull yours," she countered.

He liked that. "You're all right," he smiled, and one arm went around her shoulder again. "You're a funny kid, but all right."

"Thanks," she put the car in gear. "Can I drop you off anywhere?"

"It'd be a big help," he said. His arm stayed around her shoulder, but it didn't mean anything. He was thinking again, and it was evident that his thoughts weren't pleasant. Only when they came to the ranch and she stopped the car outside the gate did he turn to her again.

"The cop you were with," he said suddenly. "What did he say about me?"

"He told me not to get interested."

"You're not paying much attention to him, are you?" His arm tightened around her. "Do you know what you're getting into? Because unless you get out of here now, you're going to find out."

She wasn't afraid. Her eyes were shining, her mouth eager under his kiss. It was as if her whole life had been meant for just this moment. Then suddenly it was over.

Johnny had come over to the car so stealthily that they were still clinging to each other and that wasn't the way Johnny should find them. "You," it was at Paula he was looking. "Leave him alone, get out of here!"

Eddie tensed, and he might have been speaking to a dog as he ordered Johnny back into the house. Only as the man looked at him and left all his hard sureness vanished. He didn't look like Eddie at all.

"Maybe he's right," he said uneasily. "Maybe you'd better go. And maybe you'd better not come back. I'm not the kind of guy for you. You'll get your brains knocked out, kid." He squared his shoulders as he got out of the car. "You remember what I say."

"I'll remember," she said. "Be seeing you." And she started the car before he could answer.

Fritzi was there when she came home, the fear in her eyes turning to triumph as Paula opened the door. "Couldn't leave, could you, darling?"

"No, mother," Paula said dully.

The next day started like all the other

days. Breakfast, a walk down Main Street, looking in the store windows and pretending she was interested. And like all the other days, there was Tom too, getting out of the police prowler car when he saw her.

"Sore at me?" he asked, and it was like Tom, making it easy for her by turning it into something to laugh over. "I'm not so sure I did the right thing. I always wanted a ranch. Only I don't know about your cooking." He gave her that questioning look, the look that showed he didn't feel as casual as he sounded. "Maybe I should have taken the offer anyway."

"Why?" she asked.

"Because," he wasn't being light any more. "I saw you coming out of the Halvorson road last night and I want you to stay away from there. I mean it, Paula. If you tangle with Bendix you don't just pick up your jacks and go home afterwards."

"What has it got to do with you?" she demanded. "Or have you changed your mind about wanting that ranch?"

Her barb struck home. "After a crack like that I ought to let you jump in over your head," he said hotly. "But first I'm going to tell you a few things. I was at that bridge after it happened. I saw her, the way she looked dead and—and I tried to tell you yesterday. You look like her, Paula. Too much like her."

The color drained out of her face as she turned and walked away from him. She was so disturbed she didn't even hear the horn honking to get her attention. So Eddie got out of his car and hurried after her.

"I missed you after you left," he said. "I was surprised how much. Get in the car. I want to talk to you."

"You treated me like a tramp," for the first time she showed spirit with him. "You and Johnny both."

He took her arm and forced her toward the car. But Tom was there first. "You want to go with him?" Tom asked, and suddenly her mind was made up.

"Yes," she brushed past him and got into the car. But she was trembling, and it wasn't until they reached the ranch that she found the courage to speak.

"I know why you brushed me off," she said. "I look like her, don't I? A lot like her."

He wheeled on her, his face livid. "I don't like smart dames," he rasped. "Maybe you'd better get out."

But before she reached the door his arms were around her again. "Something went wrong, kid," he sighed. "I'm not so sure that I can get along without you either."

Sometimes it was like that, sweet, so that they were just like any man and girl in love. But those times didn't come often. Some of the times there was the brooding and the violence. And some of the time Johnny was there, his eyes and mouth hating her. It was those times when she wondered why she came, sneaking out of the house before Fritzi was up to have breakfast with him, leaving the house after Fritzi went to the Purple Sage, avoiding Tom because she couldn't face his disapproval. But when she was alone with him she never wondered.

Then one night Johnny wasn't able to spoil it any more. "It's time we were leaving," Johnny said that night, speaking to Eddie just as if Paula wasn't there at all. "It's time to get started again. In a couple of years we'll have the biggest gambling racket in the country and—"

"It's out," Eddie said flatly. "It's no dice, Johnny. We're washed up. It's Paula and me from now on in."

She hadn't really believed it would ever happen. But it was happening. Everything was all right. Everything was wonderful. She and Eddie, just the way it happened in the movies, in books.

Her heart was singing as he drove her home. She laughed as she kissed him, for in just a few minutes, no longer than it would take her to pack a bag, they would be together again and this time it would be for keeps.

But it wasn't going to be as easy as that. She knew that when she opened the door and saw Fritzi there waiting. "You certainly know how to pick them, don't you?" she said bitterly.

No need asking how Fritzi had found out. Johnny would have seen to that. But neither Johnny nor Fritzi could stop her now.

"Yes, mother," she said quickly. "I know how to pick them."

"You can't be in love with him." Fritzi's eyes looked bleak. "He's no good. You can't throw your life away. Paula, listen, everything I've done is because of you. Because I wanted to give you something I never had. And," her trembling mouth tightened, "it isn't Eddie Bendix."

"Isn't it?" a voice asked, and there was Eddie standing in the doorway. "Come on, Paula," he said. "We got a date to get married."

"Listen to me," Fritzi's voice rose shrilly. "He's not for you. He's not strong. You think he is because he's a big-time gambler. Because he talks like he's hard. What you know is all an act, something he puts on outside. Inside he's yellow."

Paula's eyes blazed but her voice was cold. "How would you know what he's like inside?"

Fritzi laughed wildly. "Who would know better than me? Tell her about the Rocco boys, Eddie," she taunted. "Tell her how you locked yourself in when they came gunning for you, how somebody else took care of them. Somebody you hired! Tell about the time you got in a jam and Johnny took the rap for you, how he did a year in jail so you wouldn't have to face the music yourself. You can hand it out, Eddie, but you can't take it."

It didn't do any good. Paula didn't believe a word, Paula holding Eddie's arm, believing only his smile making a mockery of everything Fritzi had said.

"Listen to me, Paula!" Fritzi knew it was a mistake getting hysterical like that, but she couldn't help herself. "I'll tell you everything, if you'll only listen. About Eddie and—about Eddie and me."

It was funny how these words went home, funny how jealousy could touch a woman when reason couldn't.

"What about Eddie and you?" Paula asked, and her eyes were wavering. They

were really wavering. Eddie saw it too. "Go on, Fritz," he was laughing as if it were a joke. "Make it a good one."

"It is a good one," Fritz cried. "Eddie wanted me, Paula. After your father died I even thought—but then I got sick and had to come out here. That meant money and doctors and maybe a lot of years. So he ran out on me, and that's what he'll do to you the first time the going gets tough. He doesn't want a woman to take care of. He wants a woman to lean on."

She had played her trump card and it wasn't any good. Paula's eyes were cold, cold and contemptuous. "You'd say anything to get your own way," she said. "You wouldn't stop at anything to keep me under your thumb. You can't do it any longer. I've got to pick my own man, my own way."

She got out then, quickly, because if she hadn't she knew she would have cried. She had always wanted to get the better of Fritz, but now that it had come, it wasn't any fun. Fritz looked so alone, so terribly alone, standing there watching them go.

"What have you got in your head?" Eddie demanded as she sat there so quietly in the car.

"Wondering," she tried to smile. "When are we coming back here, Eddie?"

"We're not," he said savagely. "I hope I never see the place again. And remember this, just in case you don't like it, nobody walks out on me!"

There wasn't time to answer. There was only time to swerve the car and slam on the brakes, for the man standing there in the middle of the road to jump aside. Only when he turned did they see he was Johnny.

"Eddie," he jumped on the running board before the car could start again, "you can't leave me stranded here in the desert. At least take me to Vegas."

"Get off, or I'll chop your hands off." Eddie's voice was like ice. He was speeding up the car so it was going eighty. Paula couldn't stand it.

"No," she put her hand over his. "Take him to where he can catch a train. Let's not leave any loose ends behind."

He hesitated, then he stopped the car so suddenly that Johnny was flung to the ground. "All right, loose end, hop in," he ordered.

There was silence for a long time. "I hope," Paula said then. "You never get finished with me."

He didn't answer. He was driving like a mad man, the heavy car swaying dangerously. Paula was glad when he ran out of cigarettes so that he stopped the car at last.

It was a small, open-all-night restaurant and a few cars and a cross-country bus was parked in front of it. The driver and the passengers were sitting at the counter and a disk jockey's cheerful prattle spilled out of the radio at one end of it. The coffee smelled good and Paula was cold and she wanted to put off going back to that car again. "Coffee, please," she said to the counterman.

Eddie was hungry, too, so it was all right. He took the cup the man pushed over to her. "Two more coffees and

hamburgers," he ordered. "At that table over there."

The bus driver grinned. He looked like a man who thought he was a card. "What's the matter, bub?" he grinned, pleased with the joke he was going to make. "Ain't we good enough for you?"

"No, you ain't," Eddie said, and it wasn't only the words, it was the way he said it. The driver was a big man, and besides his prestige with his passengers was at stake. He got up ready to fight.

"Sit down and shut up," Eddie snarled, pushing his hand in his pocket.

The man sat down fast. But it wasn't the order that had done it. It was the bulge the gun made in Eddie's pocket.

Eddie laughed triumphantly, and as the man turned he tilted the cup he was holding so that the scalding coffee trickled down the other's neck. The driver knew better than to turn or even cry out. Only his hands, bracing themselves against the counter, showed his agony.

Paula looked at Eddie and it was as if she were seeing him for the first time. She sat down, but she couldn't touch the coffee the waiter brought.

"Let's get out of here," she said.

"All right," Eddie was in a good humor again but it didn't include Johnny. "This is the end of the line for you, Johnny. We're taking the rest of the way alone."

"No, Eddie," Johnny spoke softly. "You've been with me too long, since you was a kid. Either you take me along or I sing. You wouldn't want anyone to know what really happened to Angela, would you?"

Eddie got up and now the gun was out in the open, but Johnny's eyes didn't waver. "Sit down," he ordered. He had to say it again, but Eddie sat down and Johnny turned to Paula. "Eddie here's a smart guy, he's a good-looking guy, he has class. But there's just one thing, he ain't never been able to pay the piper. That's where I come in. I've always paid for him. There was a federal rap. I took that because Eddie would have gone to pieces and told them what they wanted to know. There was plenty of other things."

Panic closed around Paula's heart. "Fritz said that," she whispered, wishing he'd make her not believe it as he had done before. But Eddie wasn't swagging now.

"You think he's in love with you," Johnny went on. "But guys like Eddie don't fall in love. They're in love with their own hide. With you he thought he could get away from what I wanted him to do. He couldn't quit alone. His wife found that out. Angela found out a lot of things. She was a nice dame and it was more than she could take. She got in her car and started for Los Angeles, but she knew too much for us to let her go. We followed in the big car and caught up with her at the bridge near—"

Eddie was shaking. His face was white. "It was your fault! You made me—"

"Sure," Johnny laughed complacently. "I made you do everything. You couldn't lace your shoes by yourself."

It came hard for Paula, changing the picture she had of Eddie. "I'm all mixed

up," her eyes were dazed. "I don't get it."

"I'll draw you a picture," Johnny looked even meaner when he smiled. "She wouldn't stop and Eddie went all to pieces. He lost his nerve and wanted to let her go. But I said, 'Turn that wheel!' And he turned it. She went through the railing."

"It was his idea," Eddie's hands gripped the edge of the table. "You heard him say it. I didn't kill her."

"Yes, you did," Paula said. "And afterwards you stayed with him. This is it, Eddie, this is where I get off."

"You get the picture now," Johnny grinned. "It's funny. People think they're seeing Eddie, and what they've really seen all these years is me. I'm really Eddie Bendix. Why is it women never fall in love with me?"

Paula sickened as he leered at her. She got up and she knew she was safe as long as she was inside, so she didn't start running until she was out in the darkness again.

She was in luck, for he had left the keys in the car. But the luck didn't last long. Before she had cleared the driveway Eddie was leaping into one of the parked cars. And she knew so much now. Even more than Angela had known.

The sedan was the heavier car and she managed to keep ahead of him. But he was the better driver, and cut the hairpin curves which she was afraid to take on high. The distance between them lessened and the terror mounted in her heart. She knew too much and soon they would be at the bridge.

She didn't know when it was she first saw the headlights of the other car. It was only when she saw it bearing down on Eddie, when she saw the red spotlight flashing, when she heard the shrill of the police siren, that most of the numbness left her and she was able to pray. "Let it be Tom," she whispered.

There was the last curve then, the worst curve leading to the bridge. Eddie's car was only a few lengths away but the other car, the police car, was almost touching its wheels. Then as she took the turn, she saw it in the mirror, the prowling car, first pulling up alongside Eddie and then passing him, crowding him. He swerved sharply and she closed her eyes so she didn't see it. She only heard the crash. It was all she could do to bring her own car to a grinding stop.

There was the darkness then and the waiting and the steady scream of the siren, and after that the cars coming up the road from the town. Somebody opened the door of the sedan, somebody took her hand and helped her out of the car. She turned and saw Fritz standing there in the crowd.

"Are you all right?" That was her first question. Then as Paula nodded, Fritz's mouth tightened. "Proud of yourself?"

"No," Paula whispered, and she had to add, "I left him, Fritz."

"Do you want to come home?" Fritz asked in that same expressionless voice. And then as Paula hesitated, she looked squarely at her. "You can work with me in the Purple Sage. The least I can do is to teach you how to make money and— and how to tell a phony."

"No, thanks, Fritz," Paula said humbly. "I don't want it and you don't have to teach me. You were right."

Fritzi's voice was softer now. "Are you still in love with him?"

Paula shuddered. "There's no Eddie Bendix. There never was. Everything I thought was his, was Johnny's. I had it all backward."

She felt the better for saying it. She felt cleaner. And then there was that other feeling as Tom came to her.

"He's dead," he said.

"It would have been me," Paula said. "If I hadn't been lucky. If you hadn't come along."

"It wasn't luck," Tom said. "I was tailing you all evening. I've been tailing you for days. Give you a long rope, I said." He looked at her and something happened to his eyes. "It was almost too long."

She was in his arms then and it was wonderful, like really coming home. He kissed her and that was even more wonderful. And afterwards when Paula looked up and saw Fritz she understood a lot of things she had never understood before.

"Mother," she began.

Fritzi smiled, but her mouth twisted and it was strange how her eyes looked, like the eyes of the mothers she had seen at school. But her voice was Fritz's, mocking and husky. "Only says mother when she wants something," she said.

"I do," Paula said. She went over to her and put her arms around her. She kissed her and it was strange at first, after all these years feeling like this about Fritz, knowing her at last and loving her. It was the first time she knew that people could cry from happiness too.

The O'Connor Troupe

Continued from page 43

news departments. And Donna Gwen, when you read this, will be nearly a year old!

Me you can learn about in one paragraph. I was born in Florida and had the same kind of school and home life that any usual American girl has. For description, brown eyes go with the red hair. My family moved to California for business reasons, when I was nine. My thrills in life began when I met Donald, and they include life with that lovable dynamo himself, then the baby, and, before the baby came, the supreme thrill of Donald wanting me to work with him and training me both in comedy and singing. I'd had no professional ambitions before I met Donald. I was only fifteen—I hadn't had much ambition of any kind, just enjoying life, as you do at fifteen, and sort of drifting along, hoping the future will be rosy.

I guess there never was a teen-age romance (every couple thinks this, don't they?) exactly like ours. We met because a friend took me to a broadcast rehearsal. Like all young persons—old, too—I wanted to glimpse behind the scenes of movies and radio in Hollywood. There was also a try-out of a ventriloquist. Donald, who is always doing something for someone, learned that the ventriloquist had once worked in vaudeville with some member of the O'Connor family, so, in his nonchalant way, he had volunteered to come down and play the ventriloquist's stooge. (Now, Donald may be many things, but by nature he's *not* a Charlie McCarthy!)

I'm proud of one thing. Donald asked to meet me. I saw him speak to the girl who had got me into the rehearsal, and the introduction was made soon after. Donald, very debonair and chipper, was a bit offhand, and drifted away.

A few minutes after that, I wanted to telephone home and say I would be a little later than I had expected, and by chance Donald was in the only available telephone booth. When he saw me outside, the rascal *loitered* in that booth. The part of my disposition that goes with

red hair flared up when I saw his delay was deliberate, and I tapped on one of those glass doors that fold inward. He v-ed it open and asked politely: "Yes?"

"Would you," I asked, "mind if I made a telephone call?"

"Not at all," he answered. "As soon as I have finished." And shut the door!

He then returned to what seemed to be contemplation. It would be nice to think he was hatching up a radio show or a stage skit—he hatches them in the strangest places and at the strangest times—but of course he was just baiting me. I saw that; controlled my temper, and sat down nearby. That spoiled the game, and Donald came out, apologized in the wonderfully sweet way he has and went his way. Part of this stunt—maybe I flatter myself—seemed for the purpose of making me remember him; but I have also learned, in the years since (don't I sound old?—I'm twenty) that Donald's surface cocky manner covers a real shyness and a genuine liking for people and hope that they will like him.) I believe this constant, inner and sincere hope that people will like him is one of the things about Don that reaches out across the footlights, as from the screen and through the air, and makes him so tremendously popular. Donald is a truly friendly person. His eager comradeship reaches out to audiences as strongly as to his countless personal friends.

Don — Mr. Alert — admits that he missed out on one thing that afternoon we met. He intended to get my telephone number from my girl-friend, but we left while he was on the stage playing stooge for the lady ventriloquist. He cornered the girl friend though, in a drugstore, a few days later, and wangled the number out of her with a great show of "It really doesn't matter much." Just to make it hard—Donald always does everything the hard way—the boy buying my girl friend a drink (a six-footer and scowling all the while) was my beau, the only one I'd ever had. I was—it seems hard to believe, looking back—only fifteen at the time. I didn't say

"Yes" the first time, nor the second, nor the third, but before long dates became frequent.

To make clear how, without being conceited, I realized my first tip-off that Don was more than casual in his feelings, I'll have to reveal his worst fault. Unpunctuality to this jet-propelled dreamboat is just like heaven. Maybe it's because he met curtain-risings and radio shows from the time he was three, and thinks he should be allowed to be late for everything else. And is he late! We met on Dec. 10, 1940, he wangled my telephone number from the girl friend two days later, phoned me every day for eight days (Mother did *not* approve) and I gave him a date for New Year's afternoon, 1941.

It's a good thing that that New Year's date was for afternoon. Don was *five hours late!* Car trouble, of course—and he did call me up every half hour or so and say he'd be along in a minute. (He still owns jaloppies by choice, takes them apart and puts them back together again, for pleasure—and forgets to put some vital part back in, or puts it in backwards. Or—forgets to put enough air in a tire or enough gas in the tank. As a mechanic, he has strictly a poet's mind.)

The only reason Mother let us go out at all that New Year's night, when Donald finally arrived, was because of the holiday. We went to Grauman's Chinese and saw a picture, phoned home and received special permission to have some Chinese food (Don's mad about it), had car trouble—of course—and Mother, one of the world's best sports but strict about a young daughter, looked at Don as much as to say, "Well, *this* friendship of my daughter won't last long."

Now when I started out, a while back, to tell about Don's penchant for unpunctuality, I explained it was so I could make clear just how I got an automatic tip that the young man liked Gwendolyn. Here were my date hours the *latter* part of the first year we went together: Friday and Saturday till 12; Sunday nights from seven to ten. And not once was Mr. O'Connor late for that short Sunday evening date. His jalopy sure ran for him on Sundays, and when it didn't he left it and hopped a street car.

Do you know it took him nearly a year to declare himself, as the old Victorian novelists used to say? And he did his talking between the elevator and the apartment door, hemming and hawing and speaking as if he were discussing a fictional case of two other people! I finally had to say, "Do you mean us, Don?" and I never saw a boy look so relieved.

Don already had Mother wrapped around his finger—except as to the hour to come home and other matters of convention and deportment which she expected nice young people to regard, engaged or not. We didn't mind an occasional lecture on that, because we took a great pride in our growing friendship, which we already knew was more than that, and we wanted to keep it on a high level. Let me say that I believe most young people today feel the same way. Perhaps they always did, because youth is a time of idealism. And, if I may express a general opinion, I believe that

teen-agers who just look on older people as old fogies and stand on one foot at the door, not listening, while the parting advice is given, are missing a good deal of what makes young love happy. If your parents don't love you, who does? and you always need their comradeship. I recognize that parents have some responsibility too, for the right kind of relationship with children who fall in love very young. Don and I were lucky. Both his folks and mine must have done a good deal of private head-shaking about our taking each other so seriously so early, but they were bricks about it, and they are all close to us now. I would hate it to have been otherwise—I can't imagine how miserable such a situation would have made me, and it certainly would have spoiled much for Don and me.

Don and I went together "steady" for a year before we were engaged, and when we did become engaged, Pearl Harbor had recently happened and he and I both understood that he would volunteer as soon as he was old enough to get into the service. Flying was his ambition—what youngster didn't have that?

You may have read the climax of our romance—I'm sure it's been printed. Here it is from my point of view. I admired Don because he agreed with the family—we had family conferences, of course—that, even as the time when he could volunteer drew near, we shouldn't rush into marriage. "I'll go into the army," Don said, "and get my basic training, and I'll surely get a furlough before I go overseas. We'll decide then whether we can wait till I come back." If you think those merry blue eyes can't look soulful, you don't know what thrills I got from hearing my impulsive young man talk so seriously, as grownup and wispeaking as if he were forty—but his eyes didn't look forty.

In 1943 Donald was seventeen, old enough to volunteer and he did, for what was known as Volunteer Flying Training. That was when, like thousands of other young people, we threw what seemed like commonsense over the windmill. Two nights before he was to report, I confided in a friend our noble resolves. She said, "Yeah? I knew a girl and boy who did that, and the army kept jumping him around the country, mostly in places where everything was secret and no visitors allowed, and she didn't see him for a year." That finished me. Donald was so easy to convince he was like a seal jumping for a fish (am I complimenting myself?—doesn't sound that way) and our families listened and gave their consent.

We motored down to Tiajuana, and the car didn't break down until we reached the middle of Tiajuana's main street. So many friendly Mexicans tried to help Don fix it that parts were strewn all over the street. Traffic was actually delayed for a while and our wedding was delayed two hours while the Wonderful One-hoss Shay was put together again. (That reassembly was no blue-print job, either. Sir Jaloppy was going to limp all the way home, but we wouldn't care, then.)

We stopped at a lovely place, a little north of San Diego, where the houses

are all on stilts over water, and the moon was beautiful, and we had to start home at 4:30 a.m. so that Donald would be able to report at the right time, and it was well we did, because Sir Jaloppy bucked and snorted and stopped once or twice, and just got his master under the wire.

I know it isn't fashionable now to talk about the late war. I don't hold with that quick forgetting. Donald saw too many men, in the work that the Army finally put him at, who had been cruelly marked for life, for *him* ever to forget them. And—he was in service two and a half years, and if you know a boy who served at home or overseas that long and wasn't affected in some deep way by it, then you're different from any girl I know. (I've also got to tell about Donald's Army work to lead up to a funny story, that he won't ever tell.) But I don't need any excuse. Any 21-year-old who was in service two and a half years can't have his life story told or understood through someone just saying, "Oh, yes, he was in the Army."

I'll make the Army biog very brief. Donald took all the extremely complicated tests for service in the air, finally narrowed down to whether his aptitude was for flying, navigation or bombing. He was classified for flying and ordered to California (was I happy when I heard that!) for training as a pilot. The day before he was to leave Texas, where he had been taking his aptitude tests, the Volunteer Flying Training branch was discontinued. (We were well into the war, you see, then—late summer, 1943.) Donald then asked for entertainment duty, feeling that he would surely get overseas that way. He had more "orders" to go than I can remember and count back but every time they held him here. For a short space he was at Palm Springs, and when I arrived to see him, for the first time since his entry into the Army, I helped a young mother, who was also going to see her husband, by carrying her tiny baby off the train. It was impossibly too early for us, but Donald either was startled for a second or he put on a good act. Slapping his hand against his brow, he cried, "Gwen! So soon!"

The main reason Donald was held in this country was because the wounded were coming back in large numbers. In Atlantic City, for example, most of the great hotels—such as the President, the Traymore, the Dennis and the Chelsea—were hospitals. That was Donald's duty awhile—to organize, put on and act in shows for those men—and something else in Atlantic City cured him of most of his frustration about not getting overseas. There was a ramp from the Traymore to Thomas England hospital, and in Thomas England were very bad cases indeed—some that it might be thought entertainment would help very little. When Donald would finish his day and evening scheduled entertainment he would go, with full Army approval, of course, to England hospital and there he would "work" long hours on what a civilian would call "his own time." That England hospital work, I believe, was medicine that Donald could hardly have done without. It made him feel that he

was really of some use in the Army. If you'll let a twenty-year-old girl with only a high school education speak her mind, I believe that if the Army had had time to see that every soldier found something to do that made him feel really useful—perhaps a little extra useful—there wouldn't have been all the talk—and facts—about neuroses and boys who couldn't "fit themselves to the Army." It's in every boy worth a hoot—he's got to feel he's doing something worthwhile.

Well, let's get to the funny story. As time grew near when Donald would be discharged, he was put on duty at Greensboro, N.C., where there was a separation camp. By this time he had letters of commendation from more than fifty camp commanders—they like an entertainer who comes to *work*—and now his job was what might be called a jolly one—to cheer up men merely because they were restless, waiting to get turned loose (which was sometimes a slow process) and get back to their loved ones.

Donald had let me work with him on make-shift camp stages especially when he was near California. He'll never realize that, even with his training and help, I got by because I was just a redheaded girl, and a soldier will applaud a red-headed girl—or a blonde or a brunette—whether she knows much about what she's doing on the stage or not. The times I was with him, which included a brief stay at Atlantic City, stand out in my life, and I am quite humble about having been so much luckier, in the respect of seeing my husband occasionally, than were so many war brides.

I got a chance to go to Greensboro, and like any other war bride, did I take it! It wasn't till after the scene I'm going to describe that I learned how hard Donald was working there. Thousands of men were at Greensboro, hungry for entertainment. Donald wrote, staged, gave orchestra cues, coached players, danced and sang himself, of course, for an average of six shows a day. I mean full shows, like you'd see in a top vaudeville house. He lowered and raised the curtain between numbers and impressed into service any major or colonel he saw standing around the wings and who looked like he might fit in a spot. Everybody was hoping to get home soon; there was an air of combined impatience and hilarity at Greensboro. Town girls volunteered as actresses, as indeed they did all over the country, at hundreds of camps. To Donald, who was full of scarcely suppressed excitement, too, it was the chance of his life to be the grand impresario—the producer-director extraordinary. Also, because of his talent and because there had to be some professional "pace" to make the show go over, he had a legitimate excuse—*reason*—to work in every scene. And my husband, Gentle Reader, is among many theatrical qualifications he possesses, first of all an actor. Does an actor love to act!

I only knew all this vaguely, from quick-scrawled letters, when I arrived at Greensboro. I did know Don was busy enough that I didn't give him any exact arrival time (the trains ran as they pleased anyway) when I wired him that I would be along soon for a visit.

On the train I didn't feel well—not at all well. This surprised me because I'm the country sort of girl who thinks a train ride is a lark in itself, no matter where you're going. So, when I got to camp, I inquired where Don was, drew the answer, "The camp theater, always," and *didn't* hurry over there. Instead, I called on the camp medical officer. When I left him I was quite pale, and still didn't hurry to the camp theater. Instead, I walked over there *very* thoughtfully, and stood quietly in the wings, watching Don do more things than it's possible for any one boy to do at one time.

I gasped a little when I saw him grab a colonel and a major and shove them on-stage, and watched with sympathy while a very pretty girl tried to do a number, and was so untrained that even with her looks the boys kidded her a bit. Donald patted her on the shoulder, said, "That's all right, Hon—by tomorrow we'll have it down pat." and guided her mercifully to the wings. She handed him the sheet music from which she had been singing, and at that moment he saw me. Did I get the lover-like embrace? Reader, this was Don, the Impresario. "Gwen!" he cried, gave me a half hug, handed me the sheet music and demanded, "Can you sing this?" I said, "I think so," and he said, "You're on," shoving me on-stage. I worked through the remainder of the show, which still had nearly two hours to run, adlibbing most of the time, trying to sing whatever the boys asked for and getting brief off-stage instructions from Coach O'Connor.

Finally, when the show was over, and folks were crowding around, congratulating Don and being sweet to me, I couldn't wait any longer. "Don," I said, "I've got to speak to you alone a moment." I did, mostly because the babble around us gave us cover for talk, and I whispered to him the glad but sobering news that the camp medic had told me:

The news on Don was electrifying, almost electrocuting. He turned twice as pale as I had been. He looked like the ghost of *Hamlet's* father. I thought for one awful moment, "Maybe he's been telling me fibs. Maybe he doesn't *want* a baby."

Then he came to life, as if he had been given some extra special, awful kind of hotfoot. He grabbed me by the arm and hustled me across the stage toward the building exit, and commissioned officers who stood in his way got bumped without the slightest ceremony. One captain, taking a good look at Don's face, seized his arm and said, "What's the matter, son—something wrong?" Donald shook him off. "Let me go!" he yelled. "Let us out of here!"

"But what's the matter?" persisted the captain, ploughing alongside.

"I may," said Donald, picking up speed and causing me more animated motion than the whole show had caused, "have murdered my wife!"

Quite a queue followed us to the camp medic's office and it took that gentleman and myself a full half hour to convince Donald that the exercise of the show numbers had undoubtedly been good for me, not harmful. But from that moment till the end in Hollywood, when Don

paced a hospital waiting in the traditional manner, the Old Man did most of the suffering connected with the coming of Donna Gwen.

I only have one more thing to say about the Army. It's especially about veterans. I'll be quick, but *why* do we have to be quick in talking about what is still one of the biggest problems in thousands of American homes? There was a lot of talk—and facts—about maladjustment in the Army. None of that was of importance to compare with the case of the soldier who comes home and doesn't find a good job, suited to him—either what he used to do or what he learned to do in some special branch in the Army. Donald's cause for worry was so mild, compared to thousands, that I only mention it for contrast. Universal was changing over into Universal-International. Big things were ahead for Don, but nothing happened for many months, during the change. Donald wanted to *work*, work at what he knew best how to do. He played some personal appearances to fill in, and he didn't have the pressing economic worry that devils so many soldiers who can't find the right spot to fit in. But those months of waiting for civilian "action" were the most miserable of Don's life. Not even his joy over Donna Gwen and our knocking together a very small home stymied his restlessness over not getting down to work.

I hear talk now about a "mild recession" or "a very little depression." We personally, Don and I, know of many ex-servicemen who still haven't found any jobs into which they can fit with the feeling that they've come home to a full and rounded life. I sound off for the last time: there's nothing more important that this country has to do—foreign affairs or anything at home—than to see that *every* veteran gets suitable and well-paid work. If we don't attend to that, what kind of a country are we?

Well, I started off to talk about the 3-O'Connor Troupe. I include Gwen in it because, if you could see her, and watch the alert way she moves, and the quick way she observes, and the way she takes the center of the stage—like Don—you'd know that sooner or later she'll be in the troupe. I'm not going to *push* her into stage work or screen work or anything else she doesn't want to do, but I married a boy in the theatrical profession, and living and working with him has wonderful traditions and requires real character and hard work. If my daughter wants to be an actress, I certainly won't kick. I would like to be a good one, too.

Don's homecoming was delayed a bit, like every other soldier's. He just did get here in time to do that traditional pacing of the hospital waiting room floor and nurses told me he was the most nervous patient they ever had.

While I was busy waiting for him, mother and I had bought what you might call a piece of a house, out in San Fernando Valley. We tried to get a nursery built—it was a one-bedroom house—and did get it built, but no papering or decoration, by the time the baby came. Today the nurse sleeps in that nursery, and has to keep a bridge table in there, so that she can write her

personal letters and keep her records about Donna Gwen. She is a wonderful person, and all our two families have also helped me—a greenie mother—with our Precious. (Though of course I have read enough magazines, pamphlets and books to fill a library.)

One of our dreams is a little larger house. That, like other dreams, we know will have to wait till veterans less fortunate than Don have homes. We've shuffled off other dreams, too, for the present. One of them was a theater, for movies and plays—seating 500, no less—on our deep back lot. Donald always thinks big! A dream he really hated to give up was to build a photographic dark-room onto the garage. He is a camera fan of the deepest dye—often is up at dawn to putt-putt on his motor scooter to a nearby lake and catch mood pictures in the early morning, pastel lights. I married a poet, though my cocky Irishman would never call himself that and may want to bop me for doing it. Our troubles are small—we know it, and my only worry about Don is to wonder when he'll get back to the house when he starts off on that scooter or goes out to the back lot and starts taking the current Sir Jaloppy to pieces.

Fun? We have more than our share in this troubled world of the moment. We see a good deal of Jane Withers and Lauren Tindall, and a great deal of Peggy Ryan and her husband, Jim Cross. Ann McCormick and the Frankie Albertsons are good friends of ours. We see a *great* deal of Gloria and John Payne and are deeply fond of them.

Life is sort of tame in the Valley. Some evenings a group of us just get together and chew the fat. Other times we'll go somewhere and dance; sometimes we'll go to a Valley barbecue place and eat and then go to whoever's house has a large enough living room (ours hasn't) and dance to records.

Perhaps I ought to tell you about June Haver's wedding reception (she's a friend we prize highly, too). It was the liveliest event in these parts in many's the day. June, a wholly lovable person, has as large a host of friends as any girl in Hollywood, and, so that she wouldn't hurt anyone's feelings, she held the reception, with dancing, in the ball-room of one of Beverly Hills' largest hotels.

Among the guests was a tiny old woman who grabbed Don by the arm after he had danced with a pretty girl the second time, and said, "You're Donald O'Connor, aren't you? You ought to be ashamed of yourself. Why don't you go home to your wife and child?" Don looked her in the eye with innocence lighting all the blue of his and exclaimed, "Why, Madame, you embarrass me! In fact, you shock me. How can I have a child to go home to? I'm not even married. That's all just studio publicity."

I was having a pretty good time, myself, but when I heard this crack I took Donald by the arm, and we went home. "When you get to denying your wife and child to old ladies sixty years old," I told him, "you're growing up much too fast."

One thing more: Don and I make a wish every morning of our lives: that all veterans and their families everywhere begin to get the breaks they deserve.

"I'm a Bad Girl (on the screen) and I Like It!"

Continued from page 33

yourself. At least, I find it that way. Recently I was cast as a lady in 'Singapore' at Universal-International. Suddenly I found it very hard to relax and play a nice girl. When I told Lillian Burns, my dramatic coach at MGM, about my difficulties, she said, 'Many actresses find the going difficult when they have to play someone like themselves. It is easier to throw yourself into a rôle which is completely different from anything remotely resembling your own personality. The hardest person of all to play is yourself.'

"Usually bad girl rôles have more guts to them than ingenue rôles, and plenty of girls have risen to stardom by playing them. However, I do think that playing bad girls has served its purpose for me. I like it, but don't want to play bad girls exclusively.

"Frankly, I don't know what there is about me that makes producers say, 'She's just right for a bad girl rôle.' Certainly I don't think I look like a witch, and off the screen I don't act like one, I hope.

"I'm from the South where girls are definitely not the rough type. I had a sheltered background. My mother never dreamed of a career. Her career was having babies. She had seven of them, two boys and five girls. I was the youngest of the lot—seven years elapsed between my next older sister, Myra, and myself. Although I was a tomboy, I was brought up to believe that a girl should always behave like a lady. I didn't rebel against that idea, for it was too deeply ingrained in my mind.

"The most upsetting experience of my childhood came when I was about twelve, and the family moved from North Carolina to Virginia. I was transferred from a country school to a city school in Newport News, Virginia. The children in the city school looked different, dressed differently, and spoke with a different accent. It may seem strange that just moving to a different state would make such a difference in the accent, since both were Southern states, but my North Carolina accent nearly convulsed the other school children. On the very first day of school, the teacher singled me out and asked, 'What is your name?' When I answered in my North Carolina accent, the other children grinned broadly. Then she asked, 'What does your father do?' 'He's a farmer,' I answered truthfully. One boy howled, 'That's very funny,' and he began laughing uproariously. The other children joined him. I wanted to cry, I was so hurt, and it took a long time for me to get over it. Children can be so cruel, because they are so honest and so open. But except for that one upsetting memory, my childhood was a wonderful period. My mother and father were deeply in love with each other and had the most beautiful relationship.

"Although we didn't have much money, since my father lost his land and had to rent land from others when I was still just a small child, our Christmases were

very gay. My birthday came just before Christmas, and so Santa Claus and my family were always particularly nice to me at Christmas.

"By the time I was in my teens, most of my sisters were married and had their own families to take care of. I would have liked to go to college for the regular four year course, but I knew that was impossible, since I had to earn a living. I thought that in all probability I'd keep right on living in the South all my life, and that I'd lead the same sort of life as my mother, except that for a few years I'd work as a stenographer. In high school and during one year of college, I took a commercial course, and learned how to pound a typewriter and how to take notes in Gregg shorthand. My brother paid the tuition for the one year of college." (Only one of Ava's two brothers is alive, the other one having died when she was only three years old. Since the death of Ava's parents, her brother has been like both a brother and father to her, while Ava's oldest sister, Beatrice, has been like a young, wonderful, understanding mother).

"I never earned a single dollar by my knowledge of typing and shorthand," Ava went on. "For during the spring vacation, I went to visit my sister Beatrice in New York. That was the year when her ex-husband, Larry Tarr, took some photographs of me, and sent them to MGM. The Metro office in New York sent for me and gave me an interview test. Among other questions, they asked which would come first with me—love or a career. I answered, 'A career, of course.'

"So I came out to Hollywood under contract, met Mickey Rooney, and within six months after my arrival in Hollywood, I was married. When I married Mickey, I decided to leave pictures, not because Mickey asked me to, but because I myself felt it was the wise thing to do. I don't feel a young actress starting out in pictures can manage marriage and a career, too. A star who has already attained great success and need make only one or two pictures a year might combine both, but not a newcomer.

"Much has been said and written about my marriages to Mickey and to Artie Shaw. I have often been misquoted on Mickey and Artie. People assume that because I made two mistakes, I am bitter about it, and consequently quote me as saying disparaging things about Mickey and Artie. These quotes are just words that have been put into my mouth that I've never said. I have no regrets, and am not bitter. Even though I made many mistakes, I learned from all my experiences. I feel I learned a great deal from both marriages. I particularly appreciate what I learned through Artie since he is well-educated and made me conscious of the fact that I need more education. As a result, while married to him, I took courses at UCLA in English literature and in economics."

I took another look at Ava's whistle-

making face, figure and gams and said, "Most girls with college degrees would gladly trade them to look like you."

Ava looked scornful at the mere idea as she said, "That is really ridiculous. Of course it would be nice to have both—not that I'm such a killer."

About forty million men all over the country would quickly dispute such modesty. Even Clark Gable—known throughout Hollywood as the King—would disagree. Gable knows what Gardner's got because once they spent a whole day on the set of "The Hucksters" rehearsing and shooting a kissing scene. When it was all over, a newspaperman asked Ava, "Well, how does it feel to kiss the King? Can you describe what his kiss is like?" She thought a moment, then said, "It was tender but firm."

The same newspaperman then approached Clark and asked him to describe Ava's kiss. He gave his description in one word, "Zowie!"

On another day during the shooting of a train scene, director Jack Conway remarked that he felt that the scene called for was unnatural, since no man would be apt to stop to kiss a girl on the platform between cars when the train was moving. Conway said, "There's no hurry. The guy could wait till he got to the next car for his kiss."

"When the girl is Ava Gardner?" laughed Gable. "Are you kidding?"

The scene was shot as originally planned.

Actually Ava's rôle in "The Hucksters" is not a big one, yet those who have watched her have a hunch that it'll be one of the most arresting parts she has ever played. When Ava's agent first mentioned the part to Ava, she hesitated to accept it, for she knew through reading the script that her part wouldn't match in importance some of the rôles she's already played. But the knowledge that she'd have a chance to play opposite the King won out.

Ava found playing with Gable everything it was touted to be. "He is considerate, and not at all temperamental. He doesn't pose as a big star on the set, yet he uses his stardom and his past successes to make things easier for the rest of the cast. One night a group of four of us, including Gable and myself, were playing a difficult scene. Each time one of us would fluff his lines. It was about five thirty and we were all exhausted, but none of us was in a position to say so, except Gable, who has known Jack Conway, the director, for many years.

"Taking the blame for muffing the scene on himself, Gable turned to Mr. Conway, and said, 'I'm sorry, Jack, I'm exhausted. I can't get this scene right tonight. Don't you think it might be a good idea if we all went home? After a good night's rest, I think I can do better.'

"The next morning, we shot the scene quickly in one take. Gable, through his consideration for us, had not only won us an extra half hour's rest the night before, but had actually saved the company money—since in that state of exhaustion we would have wasted the next half hour."

When you see "The Hucksters" you'll not only see the gorgeous Gardner face and figure, you'll also hear her singing. If you're cynical, as many of us in Hollywood are, you'll probably say to yourself, "That voice has been dubbed in by another star."

You'll be wrong. Ava did her own singing. Several years ago, when Ava had been with MGM only a short time, Harriet Lee, the singing coach, heard her voice and told her, "You have a natural blues voice, but you're weak on technical things. If you'll come back to my office every week, MGM will pay for your music lessons."

Ava began taking music lessons, but after a few weeks, southern languor won out. "I was one of the laziest people in the world," Ava confessed with straightforward honesty. "I worked only when I had to. I had no burning ambition. I've been in Hollywood for almost six years, and if I'd been ambitious and worked hard, 10 chances to 1, I'd be much farther ahead now."

"Most girls who get into pictures have dreamed and planned on acting as a career, but it just fell into my lap, so I had no strong feeling about it. I had no self-discipline to keep me going. I worked only when I had to work, and then I had to force myself."

"In 'The Killers' for the first time I found a rôle I liked so much that I felt I was accomplishing something. Now I'm slowly overcoming that broad streak of Southern laziness."

"When I was cast in 'The Hucksters' the studio at first planned to dub in some professional singer's voice to match mine as nearly as possible. When I went in to make a recording, they matched my voice with four records made by other girls. Then Harriet Lee said, 'I see no reason why you can't do this yourself, Ava, if you'll work to improve your voice.' So I have worked. I'm working harder now than ever before. I made 'The Hucksters' at MGM and 'Singapore' at Universal-International simultaneously, rushing back and forth between the two studios, so that I could not only play the two parts, but also do all the wardrobe fittings, gallery sittings and interviews required."

"I hope I'm a little more grown up now than I used to be. I know that somebody with tremendous ambition would have taken advantage of every moment of the five and a half years I've been in Hollywood. Because I didn't, I'm really just getting started now. Though I'm more mature now, I'm still very unsophisticated. It may seem strange in view of some of the parts I play, but sometimes I wish I were more sophisticated."

"However, I'm glad I'm not a playgirl. I don't like to go to bed early but I go because I think that's good for me. Then I can't sleep. So I lie in bed and think, then sit up and read. I must admit that I never liked going to bed early, for I feel there are too many things going on while I'm trying to sleep. I no longer like to go to night clubs except once in a while. I've discovered that you enjoy night clubs far more when you go only once in a while."

"There was a period, after my divorce

from Mickey Rooney, when I haunted night clubs. But I've gotten over that. I found that it was rather dull to spend so much time watching people drink themselves silly, all escaping from something they might be better off facing. At night clubs you see the same faces and listen to the same conversations—all small talk. The air is thick with smoke; the conversation thick with petty gossip. I want a lot more out of life than that."

Trying to get what she wants, Ava breaks all the rules for a young Hollywood actress. She broke the first rule when she got married. The first rule is, "He travels fastest who travels alone."

Another rule is that a young starlet should be seen frequently lunching at Romanoff's and dining at the smartest night clubs. Ava does both very infrequently. A third rule is that a star who plays sophisticated rôles should always look like a sophisticated glamor girl. Ava's usual costume is a blouse and skirt, worn with flat-heeled saddle shoes. A fourth rule is that a rising young star should keep the gossip columnists speculating about the state of her heart by being seen with a different man each

week, and confiding to her friends that each new escort is someone she is "that way" about. Her friends always tell the gossip columnists. Ava, however, says, "I do not fall in love easily. I don't get crushes—those short-lasting heart throbs which some people call love. I hope I can stay uninvolved for some time to come."

Since the state of any young starlet's heart is very unpredictable, I won't go out on a limb by promising that Ava won't be married by the time you read this. But she claims she is not in love, as this is written.

"When you do get married again," I asked, "would you like to live the same sort of life your mother did?"

Ava smiled and said, "I'd like to live exactly the same sort of life. I'd even like to have seven children just as my mother did, except that instead of five girls and two boys, I'd like to have mostly boys. I think little boys are wonderful."

In the meanwhile, Ava's success on the screen is on the upbeat. And why not? For while she thinks little boys are wonderful, all the big boys think Ava's wonderful.

Solid Sender

Continued from page 23

me-I-hope" deals, I settled for a bright green suit. I didn't do a thing all morning but take a bubble bath, set my hair, do my nails, press my slip, fix my face, comb my hair, try new bangs—and wait for lunch. Because that's when I was going to Metro to see Gable. I was so nervous when I got there that I couldn't eat. And, listen, there's *never* a time when I can't eat. I was born with a spoon in my mouth, and it was full of food, believe me. But—Gable!

He came striding into the commissary, and everyone turned around and gawked like kids, even the stars. It gets across to you, subtle as a meat axe, that even they know he is not run-of-the-mill. There's only one Gable, and he's been on top for so long that he wears his success with a difference—casually and with charm.

After lunch, I was escorted to the sound stage. There on a rock by the sea (it's wonderful what they can do in Hollywood) Gable was doing a hot love scene with Deborah Kerr. In case you haven't seen her, she isn't exactly the witch of Endor. And the two of them together, with that boy-meets-girl approach, fairly burned up the sound tracks.

I remember one part. His head was in her lap and she was gently brushing back an unruly lock from his forehead. "Let's spend the weekend at the hotel," he said, in effect. Whereupon her hand froze in midair, and she informed him that she wasn't *That Kind of a Girl*. Then he turned over and said, surprised as anything, "Say, you didn't think I was propositioning you, did you?" (How'd she ever get that idea?) Deborah allowed as how that's what she thought, all right.

Well, they smoothed things out and started to kiss and make up. He kissed her throat, her ears, her cheeks. Jack Conway, the director, said, "Cut!" But Gable kept right on. He's no dummy. "Cut!" said Conway again. Gable turned to the camera. "Can't you see I love my work?" he grinned.

They took that scene about eight times. I don't know whether Deborah enjoyed it, but Gable fans will be fainting in the aisles. There's Van and there's Frankie—but Gable's been sending his fans for seventeen solid years. And, in any language you care to mention, that's solid sending.

Seventeen years may seem a horrendous length of time to you teen-agers. But, before you start chewing your nails and moodily reflecting that Mama certainly had something in her day, remember that you have a slice of the same pie. For Gable has improved with the years. Some men just do. Maybe they were a little uncertain, too pretty, too cocksure as kids. It takes maturity to make the Ray Millands, the Gary Coopers—and the Clark Gables. Today, we have the completed and perfected product. It was worth waiting for.

It takes more than cellophane to make the package. It's nice to see Gable's smooth sophistication, his polished acting, his potent sex appeal, but he has a deeper quality born of his basic integrity. He didn't get it overnight. It came when, as a nineteen-year-old kid, he rode the rods to Portland, Oregon, in sub-zero weather to get a job in a stock company. It came from working as an oil driller, a lumberjack. It came from growing and maturing, from falling in love, from marrying three different types of women. It came from withstanding success in shock-

ing doses. It came on one bleak day at the beginning of the war when the plane that was carrying Carole Lombard home for Christmas went down in flames. And it came on the war fronts, in battle—in a gunner's turret. Character is something that is born yesterday.

Last year, when I interviewed Gable, he was light-hearted and apparently happy. Still, there were certain things I was warned not to talk about. Not that I would have anyway, because I could never pry into a past poignant with memories. But today I felt, should I have wanted to speak of love and romance, that I would have received uninhibited happy answers. It made me glad to know this. Just as it makes me glad whenever I pick up the gossip columns and see his name linked with Anita Colby's or Virginia Grey's. It's nice to know he's having a whale of a time.

On the set, this atmosphere of light-heartedness was strong. His co-workers whispered, "The old Gable is back." There was a life, a zest, a vibrancy to the set that had been the hallmark of Gable productions for years. His spirit of fun and humor were contagious. I forgot bleaker yesterdays and jumped headlong into now.

He finished the scene and then hied himself into his dressing room. I waited quietly to be escorted, like Cinderella, to my interview. I entered the door, he stood up, and came forth with that oldie which doesn't need a bit of improvement: "We've met before, haven't we?" I'm sure he didn't remember when or where. Maybe he just figures he's met so many thousands of people that he's probably met you, too, and it's better to be safe than sorry. But it made me perk right up. The publicity man, who was to chaperone us, left. I sat there, a little self-consciously. If I had a smug look on my face, it was because I was thinking: "Gable's back and look who's got him!" It was a thought guaranteed to make any face smug.

We talked about the Academy Awards. He didn't go. The glamorous Gable was home in bed that night at nine o'clock. He had to be at work the next morning at 8:30. We talked about golf. He had just broke 80 and felt pretty good about it. We talked about Oregon. He had a wonderful time on his trip there. He caught trout that were out of this world. We talked about deep sea fishing. He said that barracuda were dangerous, mean fish. I said he'd probably be mean, too, with a hook in him.

Then I began to get nervous again. I couldn't imagine how we got on the subject of fish, anyway. It was one of those subjects which grow like a gargantuan snowball until you don't know what to do with it. I certainly didn't. I've never fished. I don't know a fly from a lure. I'll take my trout, as well as my halibut, frozen. But there we sat talking about fish as if there were nothing so fascinating in all Hollywood. We talked on for fifteen minutes, and, brother, if I didn't end up knowing the intricacies of reeling in and spinning out, it wasn't Clark's fault.

Hypnotized, I was, by fish. Finally, I snapped out of it enough to ask what



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Clark did on his day off. "What day off?" he asked. He's in every scene of "The Hucksters" but one. I told him, what with his kissing Ava Gardner, Deborah Kerr, and even little four-year-old Diane Perrine, he was probably the most kissed man in Hollywood these days. His eyes twinkled. "Is that bad?" he grinned. Yes, that's our boy. That's the Gable we remember.

There's a warmth to him that is apart from his much-publicized sex appeal. I remembered that Esther Williams had told me that when she was very new and green, she had made a screen test with him, and he was wonderful to her. When the still photographer leaped into the dressing room to take our picture together, I got a chance to see what she meant.

I'm no actress. Every time the cameraman got set, I wasn't, if you follow me. I reflected gloomily that this certainly wasn't my day. And that's when it happened. Self-conscious, not wanting my picture taken anyway, certain I'd wind up looking like *Dracula's* sister, I turned to Clark and said, "I'm scared to death of a camera." That did it. He started the most reassuring, wonderful routine to snap me out of it. He took both my hands, laughed with me, kidded. He teased me. He flirted. He made me feel like a million bucks. All at once, he wasn't the glamorous Gable at all, but just one of the nicest guys in the world.

After that, we relaxed. At least, I did. We got to talking about his ranch in Encino. "I like to run my tractor when I'm not working all day," he said. "It's fun."

I thought, that's a paradox for you. Hollywood's biggest star having fun running a tractor.

But you don't embarrass stars by analyzing them out loud, so I just asked: "Is it hot in the Valley?"

"Depends on what you think is hot," he answered. "It gets around 110° in the summer, but I have air-conditioning."

We talked about the cost of air-conditioning. We talked about the fences he paints and the ploughing he does when he isn't on a picture. We talked about Oregon and the wonderful mountains there. And a lot of the time, we talked about me. Gable is like that. He has a wonderful way of making you seem important. He wants to know all about you, not with surface politeness, but really. He has a wonderful sense of humor. When you leave, you feel as clever as Jack Benny.

You also feel like a woman. Only another gal will know what I mean. It's like this: there is nothing about Gable that makes you feel like his sister. If he figures you might have received that dark impression, he dispels it. Flirting is as natural to Gable as breathing.

We talked about "The Hucksters." "I didn't want to do it at first," he admitted, "because I had read the book, and I didn't see how they could clean it up enough to make a good picture. The character they had me in mind for was kind of a sexy guy, and I didn't think it would go."

I thought, Mr. Gable, I have news for you: on you, sex looks good.

But I only said, politely, "Do you

think that it will be a good picture?"

He laughed, and there was an amused heartiness in his laughter that was honest and sincere. "Listen," he said, grinning, "don't ask me that, because I'm not saying. Last time, when they ran the rushes, people rushed over saying, 'It's great, great!' Well, you know what the critics said."

I thought, I wonder if the critics know that Gable has never made a picture that didn't make money.

I said, "I wonder if critics are people?" And we both laughed.

We started talking about his first picture then. It was "The Easiest Way," and he made it back in 1930. "It starred Adolphe Menjou," he remembered aloud, "and Jack Conway was the director. In 'The Hucksters,' Adolphe Menjou and I play together again, and Conway directs. How's that for a reunion—seventeen years later?"

And how many stars would remember that far back, I thought.

The assistant director called Clark back to the set. We said our goodbyes. As I walked uncertainly through the pitch-black darkness of the stage, he yelled after me: "Be careful what you do

in the dark!" The last thing I heard as the red light flashed on was his laugh.

I walked away trying to analyze—as I have so often before—what has made Clark Gable No. 1 on the hit parade for so long. It's true that he has personal magnetism. It's true he is a good actor. It's true that he's handsome, tall, tanned, masculine, virile. It's true he has sex appeal in lethal doses. But so have a lot of lesser stars.

Then, all at once, as I got in the car—feeling clever and cute as anything—it dawned on me. Clark Gable is a big person, deep down inside, for he's big enough to make the other fellow feel that way. He never acts like an actor, either off or on the screen. He is a human, real, down-to-earth person, and qualities such as these are never gone with the wind. They're solid.

Home at last, I threw my hat on the bed, flopped down beside it and gave a reasonable facsimile of a bobby-soxer swooning dead away.

My secretary laughed. "What's he like?" she asked.

Are there any brand new unused, bright, and shining adjectives in the house?

In Style with the Stars

Continued from page 48

looking indeed. If, therefore, you apply a modern dress idea you'll be way ahead of your friends in style and smartness. Either way you're being fashion-minded in exactly the same way as the designer.

With the idea of revamping your worn and tired wardrobe into something smart and functional, let's see what we can find in the modern picture, "The Other Love," starring Barbara Stanwyck.

A famous dress designer, Edith Head, designed the clothes Miss Stanwyck wears. You'll admire these clothes enormously, for they're exactly the kind of things we'd select for our personal wardrobes. They're beautifully simple, which stamps them immediately as being expertly designed. It's the simple, the *apparently* simple, in anything that bears the hallmark of a master. And you can bet anything valuable you own that when you see a custom-made, flawlessly simple garment the cost runs into hundreds of dollars.

For those of you whose problem is an evening dress that's had little wear yet looks dated, there's inspiration in Miss Stanwyck's exquisite Grecian gown shown here. (Picture No. 1.) Use it as a model to bring your own dress up to 1948. Bear in mind, however, that the gown is the utmost in sophistication, since it leaves a considerable portion of the upper body nude. There is only a single band of material in the back. It's this very sophistication, however, that makes the dress stand out.

To start with, then, we'll presume your old evening dress has a full skirt and the material is filmy. The first step is to cut off the top and put the skirt on a band. Should there not be enough material in the old top to form the new bodice, buy enough of the same *texture* fabric as is in the skirt, in either a matching color

or one that is harmonious with the skirt. The top may be of either plain or accordion-pleated material.

To make the bodice, a band of material—about four inches wide when finished—is sewed at the right side waistline in back. This suspender-like band must ultimately fit tautly. To this is added, at the right shoulder seam, the front piece. This front piece must be wide enough to drape easily over the left breast. Stitch this piece to the skirt, all the way over to the left underarm seam. Drape another piece of material over the right breast, sewing this (1) under the first bit of draping, (2) to the back band, (3) at the waistline. Next, fold material to form a wide cummerbund, finishing it under the right breast in a diagonal line. *Important:* the diagonal lines of the draping of the bodice and the belt end must run in the same direction, otherwise the effect will be "busy" and amateurish. If accordion pleats are not used, be sure to shirr enough fullness at the shoulder seam so that there is sufficient material to drape easily.

Have you a dark suit you're weary of? If so, here's a lovely way to refurbish it. The suit shown (Picture No. 2) happens to be an evening one but you can forget that part of it, for the length of the skirt doesn't matter one way or the other. Get a rather wide strip of light embroidery in a striking design—if you're clever, do the embroidery yourself—and impose it on the upper part of your suit, around the upper part of your sleeves, and around the hips. The result will be stunning, entirely fresh and new.

For a checked suit or dress you'd like to do over, the pictured outfit (Picture No. 3) is perfect. Your skirt and sleeves may remain as is. It's an easy matter to puff the sleeves slightly by means of

a tight wrist band. Cut away about four inches from the front of the dress. If it's a suit jacket, cut away the buttonholes, and an equal amount from the other side. Make a dickie, belt and bag out of a brilliant contrasting material. You may use felt for the bag and belt, and a corresponding colored jersey for the dickie. If you have some silver or gilt embellishments, use them as trim on the belt and bag. This dress should look as charming without a collar as with one, just in case your old garment doesn't run to enough material for a collar. On the other hand, if the garment to be remade is of plain material, reverse the process, using plaid for the dickie, the belt and the bag.

Another version of the open front dress is shown (Picture No. 4) and can be achieved by cutting away the front of the old dress bodice or the suit front. While Miss Stanwyck's dress has a yoke and a little roll collar, the yoke is an optional detail. The collar may be made from the material that was cut away. In this dress, too, the sleeves are gathered into a tight wrist band. The costume is doubly effective when worn with a turtle-neck dickie of white and a wide, dress-matching suede belt.

How about duplicating the lovely striped suit? (Picture No. 5.) Stripes are a favorite in couturier circles at present so if you have a suit or dress of this type of fabric by all means salvage it. Notice that the stripes run horizontally—a decidedly smart idea. If your garment won't extend to skirt and top, make one or the other of plain matching material. And while the striped jacket shown is long, your own may be shorter, or in a bolero style. Stripes are also interesting when used in opposite directions. For instance, the skirt stripes may run vertically while the jacket stripes remain horizontal, or vice versa. But whatever and however stripes are used, the result will be excellent. A new effect may be had by cutting your old skirt into gores, using a French seam to give it body.

Another revival that's high style is the shirtwaist and skirt. (Picture No. 6.) Here the yellow flannel shirt has a bottle green skirt, with the tie of the skirt color. This costume allows for wearing a bolero, which may be of striped or plaid material.

And for a completely lovely beach costume look well at the sun suit ensemble (Picture No. 7). Miss Stanwyck's is made of pure dye silk scarves, the handkerchief borders being utilized as the trim. A pair of shorts is worn under the fullish skirt. A colorful dress you're tired of may be transformed into a beach outfit equally glamorous. Make a bolero out of the bodice of your dress. If there isn't enough for the bra and shorts, buy print or plaid or striped material for those. The bra and shorts fabric may be used as (1) the binding trim for the bolero, (2) for the wide hem and strips running up the skirt, (3) for the waistband.

We'd love to hear from you as to how you made out. Look for more pointers in future articles. And don't, for goodness sake, throw away garments you've lost interest in. You're going to have loads of fun fixing them so you will be in style with the stars.

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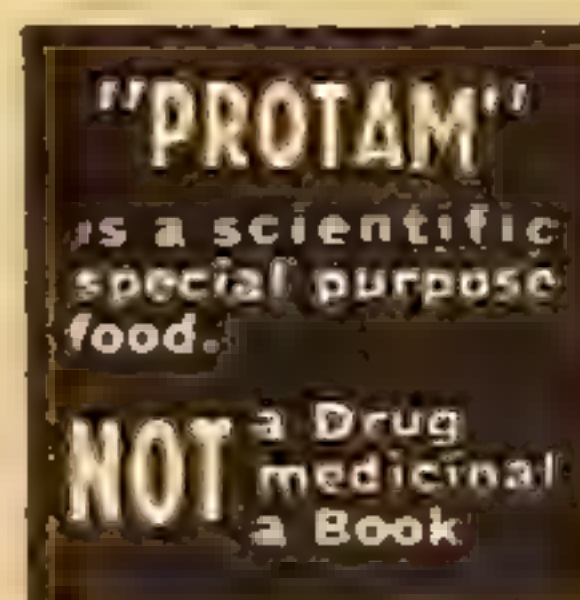
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Pro-phy-lac-tic's new Jewelite Brush called the "Invigorator."

The Real Life Lancaster Love Story

Continued from page 41

job that spring was directing and appearing in the Army Show which was the envy of every camp in Europe. According to anyone in uniform lucky enough to see the three-hour variety show, "The Fifth Army never had it so good."

Norma was the comedienne with a USO troupe which was entertaining troops with a swing version of "The Three Musketeers," which was titled "Art Thou Cooking?" Burt's answer to that one was, "Yea, verily, with helium," after he had spied the blonde, lithe, and vivacious Miss Anderson.

At the end of the evening's entertainment Burt strolled backstage, not with the intention of cadging an acquaintance, but only to tender an invitation to the entire USO group to see the Army show the next night. Naturally he and his three or four accompanying buddies were introduced to the dramatis personae of "Art Thou Cooking?" And naturally, when two of the buddies, suppressing wolf cries, moved in and talked Norma into a corner, Burt had to maintain discipline. "Come on, boys, we've got to get going," he said, adding formally to Norma, "I enjoyed your specialty numbers very much."

He met her eyes steadily as he spoke, and when an odd sort of silence fell in the group, he continued to hold her glance. After a long few seconds Norma thanked him and the evening broke up in a flurry of small talk and goodbyes. Afterward she remembered that compelling, estimating gaze and was lost in wonder that it should have made her catch her breath.

It was a long time before she penetrated the secret; not until after she and Burt were married did Norma finally ask about their first meeting. "I looked at you like that because I wanted to find out right away whether you were just an empty-headed kid full of fun, or whether you were a real person. Your eyes steadied when they met mine, instead of going soft with flirtatiousness, so I decided that I wanted to see you again and get to know you."

Burt saw Norma again the next night when she came backstage after the performance to congratulate him, not only upon the smoothness of the production which he had helped to direct, but upon his own acting in it.

As they strolled through the spring night under a full moon so blazing that it made the phrase "security blackout" seem like a term from another frenzied planet, Norma asked, "When you go back to civilian life, do you think you might try for Broadway or Hollywood?"

Burt howled. "Not me! I've got a good job lined up." He told her about it. Just before war broke out, Burt had been set to go to work in the promotion department of Columbia Community Concerts. He was preparing to enter the essential three months' training period when he was drafted.

"So that's what I'm going to do when

the war is over," he said. "How about you? Do you plan to make show business a real career?"

Norma said without coquetry, "Show business is fun right now. I wouldn't take anything for my experience, especially these USO trips, but—like most girls, I guess—my ambition is a husband, a home, and a family."

"That's sensible," said Mr. Lancaster in a fatherly tone. "There's a movie being shown here tomorrow night. Let's go."

Nowadays neither can remember the name of the picture, nor who starred. Norma was exhausted, having given four shows throughout the rest area that day, so she was content to sit quietly, her hand in Burt's, her eyes closed, and her mind filled with wonder that in spite of having known Burt thirty-six hours, she felt as if she had known him always.

The next day they managed to go for a walk through the Italian countryside, stopping at a farmhouse to buy dark bread, cheese, and the clear red "wine of the year" which is the Italian peasant's national beverage.

After five days' acquaintance with Burt, Norma had to go north four hundred miles to Florence where the show was scheduled for a run of several weeks. Norma knew that she was in love, but she didn't know how Burt felt about her until he said positively, "I'll see you the first chance I get. I'll find a way to get to Florence."

Burt figured that Florence was a mere two hours away by air, twelve by highway. But the weather was bad that spring, so there was no telling when a

friendly pilot might be able to take along a passenger not on manifest. Three nights after Norma had reached Florence, Burt borrowed a jeep from the motor pool and turned north at the first intersection. At the second intersection he was stopped by an MP with a hideous curiosity about Burt's a) destination, b) proper papers, and c) right to the jeep. PFC Lancaster spent the night in the brig.

When he telephoned this report of the horrors of war to Norma, she said, "I'm hitching a ride to Rome tomorrow. Can you meet me there?"

Could he! He and a buddy hit their thumbs, arriving in the city of the Caesars five hours later. They went directly to the Red Cross Canteen where Norma and several other members of the USO troupe were waiting.

Two weeks later the same group of spontaneous tourists met at an Italian seashore resort, and a week later the USO troupe was ordered back to New York to rest preparatory to starting on another circuit. Burt and Norma told one another a despondent goodbye, but they weren't quite as wretched as they would have been if all signs hadn't pointed to an early end of the European war.

The morning the troupe reported to the airport, preparatory to flying home, they learned that all transoceanic flights had been cancelled by bad weather over the North Atlantic. "How soon do the weather prophets think we *will* be able to take off?" Norma asked the dispatcher.

He said indications were that the flight

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wouldn't leave until sometime the next afternoon. While the rest of the troupe climbed into jeeps and command cars for a trip back to barracks, Norma checked the pilot situation. She finally found one who was going to Naples, and who said that he wouldn't be near his plane for fifteen or twenty minutes so a stowaway wouldn't be on his conscience.

There was a dance that night, so Burt and Norma spent a wonderful evening discovering that they were perfect partners, liked the same rhythms, and the same songs, and remembered the same tunes from bygone hit parades. They sat out in front of the Red Cross Barracks, where a kindly matron had provided bunk space for Norma, until almost dawn, planning their future. As soon as the war was over and Burt returned to the States, he was to take his training with Columbia Community Concerts, then prove himself. As soon as it appeared that he had made good, Burt and Norma were to be married.

Light-headed with happiness and lack of sleep, Norma and Burt went to the airport around six A. M. and made sub rosa arrangements for Norma to get back to Florence. They found a pilot who was based in Rome, but was in love with a girl in Casablanca, so entertained a strong fellow feeling for the sweethearts. He agreed to accept a stowaway.

Feeling reasonably smug and triumphant about the trip, Norma arrived in Florence at nine A. M.—hours before she had been assured the Atlantic weather would clear. But, like all spring weather everywhere, this had changed its mind. The USO plane had left at eight A. M.

Miss Norma Anderson, in a king-size dog house, was sternly reprimanded. Moreover, she was confined to quarters until such time as transportation to New York could be arranged by stern-lipped officials. Norma was allowed to send a note to Burt, who made arrangements with a group of sympathetic signal corps men to allow him to telephone Norma every night. For three weeks they talked to each other regularly, crowding years of courtship into the moments of conversation.

Finally Norma was placed on a boat unexpectedly one afternoon. Both of them remember that day as the all-time low in their lives. Although they had told each other a final goodbye every night before hanging up, they had hoped that something might happen to allow them one or two more dates before a separation that they knew would be a long one.

On the boat, and during the ensuing months, Norma had time to do a great deal of thinking. And listening. Almost every day she heard of some girl who had fallen in love with a soldier, had waited for him to come home to claim her as bride, and has simply gone on waiting. Sometimes the G.I. in the case didn't even bother to write a "Dear Joan"; sometimes he didn't even telephone. He simply returned to his own life and his own concerns the instant he stepped off the ship, behaving as if the romance had been merely a figment of the girl's imagination.

Norma, wanting to be in New York because she believed that her trust in

Burt had not been misplaced, gave up show business and took a secretarial job in an office. She was sitting at her desk one September afternoon when a tousled, ocean-weary, but ecstatic G.I. burst in, vaulted the rail, and lifted her bodily from her chair.

After their first rapturous kiss, Burt set Norma down and said, "I'm back!" This superfluous statement set them both to laughing, which was lucky because it forestalled the tears which were so near the surface.

Several days later, Burt was riding the building elevator—on his way to take Norma to luncheon—when he noticed that a civilian was eyeing him with interest. "As long as he isn't an M. P. it doesn't worry me," Burt told himself. It wouldn't have mattered if the kibitzer had been an M.P. because Burt's papers providing him with 45 days' leave before honorary discharge, were safe in his pocket.

As you know, Burt had scarcely closed the office door before the curious gentleman telephoned Norma's employer to ask if Burt would like to read for a part in a Broadway play. Burt thought it over, decided he couldn't lose anything except a few moment's time, said "I'll take a crack at it," and promptly won a rôle in "A Sound of Hunting."

The next thing he knew, he was in Hollywood—under joint contract to Hal Wallis, for whom he has made "Desert Fury" and "I Walk Alone," and to Mark Hellinger, for whom he has starred in "The Killers" and the devastating prison story, "Brute Force."

When Burt's first annual option was picked up last fall, he and Norma decided that his future was assured, so she came to Hollywood and she and Burt, accompanied by his brother and sister-in-law, drove to Yuma to be married.

At present Burt and Norma are living at the beach in a house rented to them by a friend who is in New York. They are so fond of it that they will copy many of its features when they build their own home.

That is what occupies their evenings: planning their own home. Each Sunday they drive slowly through California's rapidly filling countryside, searching for a plot of land not too far from the studios, but not too jammed into the area of furious traffic and crowded homes. They want space enough to have some citrus trees, a kitchen garden, masses of flowers, and a small pool. The house itself will have several enormous fireplaces, a wealth of lounges, and a Scotch plaid and red leather sort of cosiness.

The Lancasters don't believe in huge, formal parties, so don't plan to build or furnish the sort of house in which such lavish affairs are given. Burt's closest friends are the men he met overseas, and the men with whom he works in pictures and he intends to keep it that way. They like hearty barbecue dinners where good food is mingled with good conversation.

So this love story ends as all happy stories should—with a plan for the future. Prominent in the plan will be the nursery for the newest Lancaster, who is due in November.

That New Blonde

Continued from page 21

given over to the business of stuffing knowledge into the adolescent's brain, and neither fire, flood, nor Darryl F. Zanuck can prevent this.

Barbara has now, blessedly, finished high school ahead of the eighteen-year-old deadline. She can thus relax slightly and not dodge the studio tutors. But for a while there things were distinctly tough. Every time she was cast in even a bit in a picture, every time she had rehearsed until she could hardly stand up and the company was ready to take the shot which would show the front office what she looked like—boom! up would pop friend Teacher. Barbara would then be dragged into the nearest corner and told to make with Latin grammar. But let's go back to the beginning and see how all this came about.

Barbara first dashed into this world in Carnegie, Oklahoma, a town of which she remembers absolutely nothing due to the fact her mother moved her to Kansas City when she was three. At that point her parents were divorced, and her mother decided there was more chance of making a living for herself and her daughter in the Big City.

For the next few years, then, Barbara lived in tiny apartments with her Mother attended by a nurse while Mama whipped around earning money. This was not too good, however, and when Barbara started school she was sent to St. Agnes' Academy, where she distinguished herself by being the only Protestant child in a Catholic school. But she loved the place and particularly formed an attachment for a young, very lovely nun—she remembers her with great affection.

Mrs. Lawrence decided at length, however, that Barbara needed a more home-like atmosphere and cast about for a solution to the problem. By this time, she was in radio, a career she pursues at NBC in Hollywood at present with enormous success. It was imperative that she keep working in the early days, though, and equally imperative that her child have a great deal of fun to remember when she grew up. Finally, she arrived at the perfect solution: Barbara went to live with some friends who had a daughter just her age.

The plan worked excellently. Barbara and the other child immediately broke all rules for such situations and, instead of batting each other over the head on sight, became such fast friends that they are still pals today despite the distance between them. When they first met at nine, they had a wonderful time going to school together, doing their homework together, talking far into the night, and generally whooping it up with a gang of other kids. Barbara remembers now with pride that she was elected the most popular girl in the sixth grade.

Meanwhile, her mother had seen that she had dancing and singing lessons, for she was, as most youngsters then and now, mad about the movies and about doing things in front of an audience. The only difference between Barbara and the throng was that she was good at

such stuff. When she danced, it was like a professional, not like a little girl.

She was also so lovely as a widget that the commercial photographers of Kansas City found out about her and begged to take her picture. Her hair was, and is, pale blonde. Her eyes, blue-grey, with long, thick lashes. Her nose, just pointed enough to make her face interesting, and her mouth, full of laughter. All in all, she was quite a sight, and one cameraman waxed so enthusiastic about her that, without her mother's knowledge, he entered a shot of her in a contest for a vaudeville contract. True to tradition, Barbara won and did a week at the Loew's Midland Theater.

Mrs. Lawrence permitted this on the theory that it would kill forever Barbara's love of footlights. She reasoned that when the child saw the tawdriness of backstage, the lack of glamor held by most performers, the toughness of the work, she would decide to be an archeologist or a librarian when she grew up. It very nearly worked, but not for the reason Barbara's mother had foreseen. For when Miss L. took her place in the center of the stage the first day, she nearly passed quietly out of this world from pure fright.

She got over that, however, and got over it to such a degree that she plotted and planned how she could get on other stages, how she could go to Hollywood, how she could become a star—all the while taking the lessons which would help her with such devotion that her professors were amazed.

At last, the chance came: Barbara's

aunt in Los Angeles wrote asking that her niece visit her. "Hollywood!" Barbara breathed, reading the letter.

It didn't seem possible that she was allowed to get on a train and go. It didn't seem possible that, at eleven, she was actually on the hallowed ground. And the fact that her aunt was the manager of an exclusive club where there were horses to ride and a pool to dunk in and wonderful food to munch was even more miraculous.

This all took place one summer and, by the end of the first week, Barbara knew that Kansas City would never be the same. So with the nerve, and perhaps selfishness, of extreme youth, she wrote her mother a letter which began, "I don't want to come home. I want to stay here."

Mrs. Lawrence read same, did some quick thinking, decided that maybe fate was kicking her in the teeth or something, remembered that there were radio stations in Los Angeles as well as Kansas City, and took the next train.

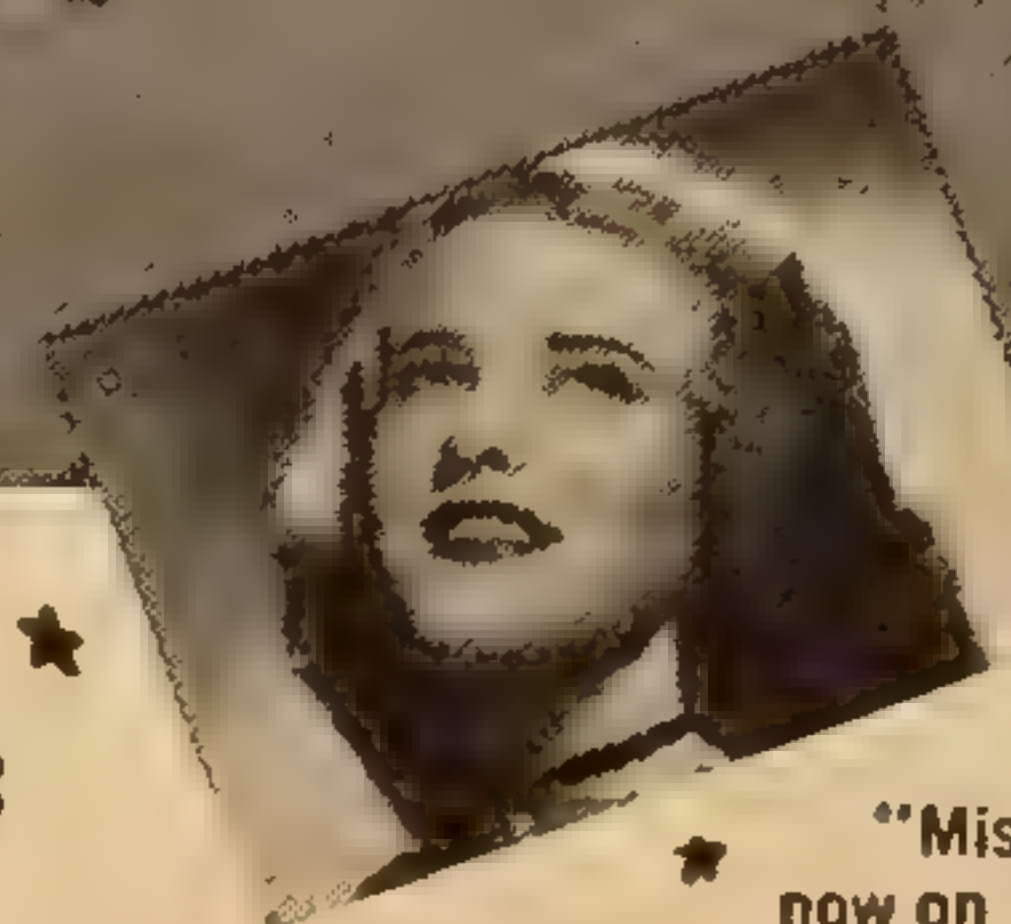
So Mother got a job with a station on the Coast, Barbara went to school, and Barbara began modeling 'teen-age clothes in her off hours. She looked older than she actually was, so this was a cinch. And later she went to a modelling school and learned how to conduct herself in even more advanced styles. It was while she was attending this outfit that she heard that 20th Century-Fox was looking for a batch of show girls for a picture called "Diamond Horseshoe."

Barbara was then fourteen and looked anywhere from sixteen to eighteen. She



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was tall, had a beautiful figure, and retained the prettiness she had had as a child. So, when someone suggested she go out to Fox and see if she could snag one of the jobs, she thought it was a fine idea. Though she had never been on a studio lot before, out she trotted.

It seemed there were at least ten thousand other girls trying for those jobs. And, to Barbara, they were visions of both beauty and sartorial splendor. More, they were poised, blasé, casual—and she wasn't. She knew she hadn't a chance.

But there are still angles, evidently. For, after she had been stared at with the rest and was walking toward the door, a man called her back and told her to report the next day for a test.

The next day, though at first they gave her "the most horrible purple lace dress in the Fox wardrobe," though she was so nervous she started to cry, she had her test and was given her contract for the picture.

That was the beginning of the teacher-trouble I mentioned. For, inasmuch as she was ahead in school by two years and looked that age, Barbara said she was sixteen instead of fourteen. The casting directors thought she was eighteen at first and were very happy, and it looked for a while like she might lose her chance when they found out she wasn't. But, at last, they agreed that, since she had only two years to go, she could study on the set. Barbara didn't have the nerve to give 'em the straight dope for over a year.

She was to be in a big production number which demanded weeks of rehearsal. And she and the rest knocked themselves out all one summer on it, she dutifully retiring to her books when the gong rang.

Then came the day they did the first shots. They set up the stage and rehearsed all morning, planning to shoot immediately after lunch. And, just as Barbara got into position with her best smile beaming like a headlight—Boom!

"The law says that all children must have three hours of study before four p.m.," the tutor said, firmly grabbing Barbara by the arm.

Barbara wailed. The director wailed. Everybody else wailed. It didn't matter. Another girl was used for the shot.

That happened more times than either Barbara or I like to contemplate. It happened so many times, in fact, that Barbara was seen exactly once in the whole picture.

Meanwhile, she had been taking dramatic lessons at the studio on her days off, on her own. And one day she heard that they were going to make a film with almost an entire cast of adolescents. Jeanne Crain was to play the lead, closely followed by June Haver in the rôle of a blonde flapper.

On the theory that there should be a spot in the picture for a girl of her approximate age, Barbara went to see Director Henry King. He took one look at that dazzling head of hair and said, "Honey, there's room for only one conspicuous blonde in this picture. I'm sorry." That seemed to be that.

But, believing that it couldn't do any harm to be persistent, she kept going back—until finally King said, "I can't

use you in the picture, but June Haver isn't available yet, and I need a blonde for some tests with some other players I'm considering. Would you substitute for her for a few days?" Barbara leaped at the chance. Even if she didn't get a rôle in "Margie," she might be seen in those tests by somebody who might think of her for some future picture.

She did tests each afternoon for a week, and she improved so sensationally in that week that King asked Darryl F. Zanuck, 20th's head man, to take a look at the final ones. Zanuck agreed with King that June Haver was in demand for countless pictures, and here was a little newcomer who might blossom into a brand-new star, in a rôle like this. But no one informed Barbara about The Great Decision.

The next day, when she walked into the studio school, everyone in the room had a funny expression on his face.

"What's the matter?" Barbara asked. "Is my slip showing or something?"

There was much shaking of heads but no one said anything.

A few minutes later, Barbara was called to the phone. It was Casting. She was told that she was to play Marybelle in "Margie."

She went back into the schoolroom with her feet about a yard above the floor. Immediately the others read her face and started roaring; they had known it for hours and couldn't tell her until it was official.

She floated through the making of "Margie." She whipped out the Charleston like a mad-woman. (She'd learned it when she was a tiny kid.) She rehearsed the skating routines with such energy that her ankles swelled twice their normal size. The rest of the time, though, everything was so wonderful that Barbara cried when the last scene was in the cans. She wanted it to go on and on.

Now she's set for another to start production in several months: a thing similar in period to "Margie." It too will star Jeanne Crain and is called "The Flapper Age." Barbara can again make with the short skirts and the Charleston. Meanwhile, she is cast in an important rôle with Tyrone Power in "Captain from Castile."

In the romance department, Barbara has just surprised Hollywood by announcing her engagement to John Fontaine, a young actor. The event took place on her 17th birthday, and caused the town to do a few double-takes simply because, until then, Missy Lawrence had had dates with many eligible bachelors, both professional and non-professional. No one knew until he read it in the papers that she was serious about anyone.

John, it turns out, is twenty-three, six feet tall, with Tarzan-like shoulders and cold-black, curly hair. He is thus a perfect foil for Barbara's brilliant blondeness. Until recently, he was under contract to David Selznick and is now freelancing. He also does a bit of writing on the side. He and Barbara met a short time ago at a party given by a friend in Bel Air and have been going together constantly since. They are, it seems, vastly interested in the same sort of quiet entertainment. They have a com-

mon bond in their work, of course, but besides that they enjoy parties at people's homes where the rugs are turned back and they can dance, beach picnics around a big fire and under a big moon, swimming, and riding. They seldom go to night clubs, though their rhumba is so sensational they might be part of the floor show.

When their engagement was made known, Barbara and John also promised both their families and 20th-Century-Fox that they would not wed for a year, or until she was eighteen. That seems excellent sense, as they are both extremely young and a lot can happen in that time. But now they are blissfully starry-eyed.

Besides John, Barbara's pride and joy at present is a 1946 convertible she bought to celebrate the success of "Marge." She claims she hates to drive, would someday like to be rich enough to have a chauffeur, but admits that these

words don't apply to the convertible. In that, she is so enchanted that it's wonderful to behold.

Together with the things she does with John, she plays a wicked game of tennis and has a secret desire to be an aviatrix. And, since she's never been to college, she astounded the populace last summer by trotting dutifully out to UCLA every day and wallowing in courses in Spanish and, of all things, geometry!

And, between pictures, she's taking a stiff dramatic course at the Actors' Lab, a dramatic school run by professionals for professionals in Hollywood. There she has fencing, body movement and improvisation. The last occasionally calls for her to imagine she is a tree or a toy in a shop window, for no known reason. She bears up, however.

She's young, gay, talented, in love, and above average in the beauty department. And now that she's finally finished with Teacher, nothing can stop her.

Tips to Young People Who Want to Go Places

Continued from page 34

in their mind, is secondary. I can't follow this line of reasoning, for personality and acting ability are, to me, close brothers. Personality is a kit of tools in which you'll find mannerisms, attitudes, the way a person walks and talks, the way he or she smiles. A good actor uses all these tools plus a knowledge of words to express himself. So they are akin.

I'd like to blast here and now the theory that you have to have a Hollywood personality to succeed. Actually, to get ahead in this town, you should be yourself, an individual. Many young people make the mistake of saying, "I'm the Gable type" or "I'm just like Jeanne Crain." You can't pattern yourself after any star's personality and hope to attract attention. You lose your own individuality by trying to overlay it with a phony veneer.

Too many young actors also look upon acting only as an entrance into glamor. That's their error. Instead, they should make up their minds that it's a business that demands as much thought and study as you would give if you were aspiring to be a lawyer, a nurse, or a doctor. One thing is certain—if you should choose acting, you can make up your mind that you're going to meet a lot of opposition from family and friends, for the profession is still indigestible to some people. And in addition to the opposition, you'll meet more discouragement than you would in any other profession. You'll need plenty of courage, for there is no easy road to stardom.

So that's my preface to a Hollywood career. A bleak one but a true one.

I came to Hollywood from a New York show with a contract for what seemed like a lot of money each week with Samuel Goldwyn. Having been used to \$40 a week—when I could get it—the money element was very attractive. It was a colossal break for me. But I wasn't ready for the break. I knew nothing about acting. The weekly salary seemed a soft touch, for it takes

a young person years and years to attain such a high salary in any other profession.

I know better now. I *know* it's not a soft touch. Out of hundreds of young people who get a studio contract yearly, only about two percent ever get into featured rôles and even fewer reach stardom. Yet I felt, as do many others, that to get such a salary right off the bat must mean I had something. I had yet to learn that it takes time to be an actor, that a contract doesn't mean you can carry a part in a scene. And it certainly doesn't provide you with confidence—for confidence comes only when you know what you're doing.

For some time after I came to Hollywood, I felt that all I needed was a chance. The landscape here is dotted with people who got a chance before they were ready. And the town is full of kids who are good-looking enough to be considered good bets. So even a handsome or a beautiful face isn't the final answer to your hoped-for success. For a year, I worked only three days, and yet I drew my weekly salary regardless. I had a lot of time on my hands and I felt frustrated. But I didn't take advantage of that time by watching experienced actors and actresses at work, by learning my trade. I was instead an eager beaver at golf and swimming. Today, after all these years in Hollywood, I spend a great deal of time on sets watching others work, and I feel that I am beginning to learn what my job is all about.

So after you get your first break, the most important thing to remember is: *don't waste your time*. If you do, if you fail to take advantage of the chances offered you, you'll get lost in the shuffle.

I didn't know how much time I had thrown away until I saw a couple of tests I had made. My first impression was that I had four arms and six legs. Honestly, I didn't know which end of the camera started shooting. I wasn't too surprised when my option was dropped,

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and, besides, I didn't feel too badly because I was conscious of the fact that I had learned an important lesson, to wit: if you're going to tackle a job, it would be a good idea to get busy and learn something of the mechanics of that job.

However, I still wasn't going fast enough to suit myself, so I conveniently developed a defense mechanism. It wasn't my fault I wasn't getting ahead, I decided. Others were to blame for my mistakes. When you've been fired a couple of times as I was in the months that followed, it's easy to blame others. On top of this, I became cocky and too chip-on-the-shoulderish. I labored under the delusion that by now I knew more than I actually did. Consequently, whenever a part came up that I wanted very badly, I'd act diffident about the whole matter instead of fighting for it.

I have since learned it's far wiser to keep your personal feelings out of this business. If things go against you, don't get personally hurt; don't lose your sense of humor. If someone doesn't like your work, don't gripe and moan.

In the same connection, it's not wise to adopt the self-pity routine. If you're disappointed, either throw it off or appear to throw it off. Once you let discouragement show, those who can help you tab you as a flop. That's human nature, I guess.

When an actor comes up against such a period of discouragement in his career, it's bad to listen to too much advice, no matter how well-intentioned it is. I don't mean it's wrong to listen to one or two people whom you sincerely respect and believe in, but I do say it's bad to listen to a lot of advice from a good many individuals. If your viewpoint is made up from the ideas of the last six people you talked to, then you can't have a clear picture. Unless you're clear in your own mind about yourself and where you're heading, you'll never get anywhere.

I think the biggest danger to young actors in Hollywood is the manner in which they conduct their private lives. The town is full of kids who threw away a career because they lacked good common sense. The majority of the public view Hollywood and the picture business as a kind of big playground. The much over-worked word, "glamor," enters into it. The town is supposed to be a mad mélange of parties, divorces, and what-have-you, with loose morals getting the emphasis.

Young actors who look only on the surface think it's smart to try to live up to this popular idea. There's a personal temptation to go overboard, to build a career on the number of times your name appears in the gossip columns or the number of nights you date an attractive girl at a party or at a night club.

I feel that your private life is the foundation upon which you build your work. Few people are equipped to lead a non-anchored life. They need a home base to work out from—a place where they can find peace and some happiness, somewhere they can get a good look at themselves. To face the conflicts any young actor will meet in this town, he must be firm within himself.

I have no patience with those kids

who are out late every night. Not only does lack of sleep affect their work at the studios but it also brings about a distracted personal viewpoint and confusion. They don't know where they're going or why. So it's the old adage that acting is work and can't be treated as secondary to playtime.

There are actors in Hollywood who have finally landed a part and made a hit—and that carries us a step further. Then something happens to them and they start to slip. This can be avoided. The biggest danger in this connection is a tendency among some to tighten up, to get the feeling, "I must do it—here it is—it's now or never for me!" The fear that success won't last and that failure will come has defeated many a promising young actor. I think that if you've had a chance to make a hit, in nine cases out of ten you were ready for the break. You wouldn't have been given the opportunity in the first place if someone who knew what he was doing didn't think you were ready for it. I always try to remember that success doesn't depend on what you're about to do, but on what you've done. To try too hard to be a success makes you do a poorer job.

While I recommend relaxing about your work, I don't mean that you shouldn't fight for something if you know you're right. I've always gone to bat when I knew I was in the right. I'd never be so easy to get along with that I'd be afraid to battle for a point. And yet I'd not go about making unreasonable demands.

It's tough, I admit, to know when to assert yourself and when not to. You can't get anywhere by beating someone over the head any more than you can reach success by lying down and being used as a carpet.

Young actors have probably heard the old routine: you're only as good as your last picture. That isn't my idea. There are people in this business who have been washed up two or three times and not necessarily due to one picture. Sometimes there's a string of them. Wallace Beery has been around as long as the lamp post on Vine St. A fine actor like William Powell has been supposedly through a number of times. And our last year's Academy Award winner, Joan Crawford, went through a phase where nobody had any particular faith in her—except, I suspect, herself. Those stars didn't admit failure. They had a much clearer estimate of themselves than others did.

One failure, then, on one job or even several doesn't mean a thing except that the job was a failure—and I think all young actors should remember that. It's important to keep in the back of your mind that with a reasonable faith in yourself and a certain quantity of intestinal fortitude, no one can make you fail—but yourself.

And so, with the breaks, you have attained success or what passes for it. Now is a good time to take stock of yourself. You may be surprised to find that the picture isn't as rosy as it should be. By the time I had made a name for myself, I had learned that success is considerably harder to take than obscurity.

When you're struggling, no one cares what you do, how you do it, or when you do it. But when you're a hit, you'll find many people who care about everything you do—or pretend to care. It's like being in a poker game with a lot of kibitzers. When you're winning, they're behind you watching your cards, hoping you'll lose.

Success also brings another problem—and one of the worst pitfalls is the money trap. In no other business can a young person make money so quickly as he can here. And in no other business do young people become so conscious of money talk. People glibly talk in the hundreds of thousands of dollars. This all leads to a false sense of values. The paycheck becomes more important than the job. Mary Brown, for instance, hears that Sophie Jones makes a thousand dollars a week more than she does. She adopts the old attitude of, "What has she got that I haven't got? She's no better than I am. I'm very unhappy." It may well be that the day before, Mary Brown was completely happy feeling herself an extremely fortunate girl to be making \$1500 a week—which she is. But by comparing herself with another person on a financial basis instead of on the basis of doing a job, she has created a false yardstick.

Instead of worrying about someone else's salary, I think it's wiser to take care of your own job and learn to do it well. The money somehow comes faster to those who deliver the goods than to those who complain because someone else gets more than they do. And while

this bit of advice isn't original, I do say: save your money and DON'T STOP.

A financially independent actor is usually successful because he doesn't have to take whatever is offered him purely for the sake of a check. He can afford to wait for the right rôles.

When success is attained, however, you realize the sacrifices you must make—and the most unfortunate one is the loss of privacy. Nice well-meaning people with well-meant demands on your time, time which you actually can't give, upset an actor's life and his desire for normalcy. The general public can't see this need for privacy. They look upon Hollywood as a play business and actors as their own property. They laugh at the idea that an actor who works from eight in the morning to six and often until ten or twelve at night can get tired. This general reaction to an actor's way of living, this complete refusal to recognize his desire to be alone can reach into his home and wreck it. It has destroyed many a star's life. I've even seen it make nervous wrecks out of several top names.

Many young actors, then, will wonder why success isn't what they thought it would be. They'll search for the answer and will find that their dream castles needed a foundation all the time. You can't build a lasting career on sand.

That's my idea of what faces any young boy or girl who chooses the picture business. It's a great career but it's not one for the soft-hearted. It can ruin a life if you aren't prepared for its pitfalls just as surely as it can bring you fulfillment of all your hopes.

Year 'Round Blouses

Continued from page 51

We had lots of fun photographing Anne Jeffreys in the blouses you see her wearing on pages 50 and 51. She just loved them and said they made her feel wonderful. In fact, Anne was as gay as a lark through the entire sitting. Such pep! S'marvelous.

She liked her Bernardo sandals so much that she talked of throwing a party just so all her friends might have a look-see at the tricky separate ankle straps. Anne cast an enthusiastic vote for a wardrobe just chock full of blouses and shoes. She dotes on blouses for the way they look and because they add such variety to even the most modest clothes collection. You can match 'em and mix 'em and emerge each time a pretty different-looking girl. There's no occasion where you can't look dressed up with the right blouse and skirt.

We do wish we could list the score of stores that carry these fashions, but you know how space is, so our next best bet is to give you the names of the manufacturers. You can write to them and they'll be glad to let you know where you can buy what you like. Here they are listed for you:

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New York 18, N. Y.

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Frances Sider Blouses
1384 Broadway
New York 18, N. Y.

Long-sleeved print blouse

Glenwear, Ltd.
1372 Broadway
New York 18, N. Y.

Navy blouse

Alice Stuart Blouses
525 Seventh Avenue
New York 18, N. Y.

Deltah Pearls

L. Heller & Son, Inc.
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New York 16, N. Y.

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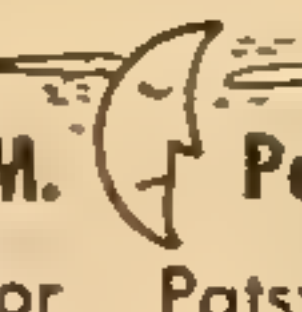
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admit, and a lot of them get caught at it, but think of the millions of people outside Hollywood who act badly but are never noticed. Really, I do get so mad at this fervent desire to slap Hollywood—especially when the same stars in this town are always called upon whenever there's a cause to be pushed. The way some of our big names helped in the unfortunate Texas City disaster is an example. Yet it still remains more fashionable to kick us than to give us a pat on the back.

GLENN: Which proves that actors aren't privileged people! There's always a smart guy in every crowd, a smart guy in some position of authority, who thinks that belittling a star makes him more important.

IRENE: Glenn, I can see your point about stars not being privileged people, but I feel Hollywood is instead a privileged place. The people here have gained fame and riches—and because of that we have an obligation to maintain a stricter sense of morals. Since we're used as an example, whether we like it or not, I feel every star has an obligation to society. We should put some control on our actions, especially for the benefit of the younger people who are constantly comparing their own friends with some screen star.

GLENN: I see your point, Irene, but I don't think the manner of living here is any more immoral than anywhere else. It's just that the morals themselves are different.

IRENE: In what way?

GLENN: Well, I go from a real family life to the studio for work. Now, say you and I are in the same picture and I haven't met you before. I'm introduced to you and five minutes later I'm making love to you—for a scene from the film, of course. And I spend the rest of the day kissing you. That, you must admit, is not what would happen anywhere else in any other business.

LINDA: Don't you think the code of morals is different, though, because people *expect* stars to act more loosely? People think of the temptations that are put in front of an actor or actress—and overlook the responsibilities, both public and private, that accompany any successful career. So some wild-eyed kid dyes her hair, gets in the movies, and says, "Now I can really tear loose and get by with it." Then come the headlines.

IRENE: That's what I mean by setting the right example.

SHIRLEY: I think Hollywood is very aware of morals. In my contract—as I'm sure is in all Hollywood star contracts—there is a clause which states that if I or any member of my family becomes involved in a scandal, the contract can be broken. That looks to me as though the town is moral-conscious!

BOB: You all sound as though you honestly believe Hollywood morals are different. I don't think they are. It's just that they get so much publicity that the code seems franker. Now, I used to

live in Joplin, Missouri, and other small towns, and I don't see any difference. After all, there's no dividing line in morals. You don't pick out Los Angeles and say, "This is where you get moral," and then arrive at Hollywood and say, "And now let's get immoral."

LINDA: Yes, morals are a fine point—but there's a fine line between them.

HOLLAND: What about your own set of morals? How has Hollywood changed them?

IRENE: Morals don't change because of locality. Only the person changes.

SHIRLEY: I've kept my same set of rules—those my parents gave me when I was a baby.

LINDA: I was brought up very strictly in Dallas. If I saw a woman smoke, I was terribly shocked. But now I'm more tolerant. I'd say my code has broadened. I don't have the straight-laced viewpoint I once had, but I know I'm not a "naughty" girl as a result. I'm a wiser and a fairer one.

GLENN: This reminds me of a doctor I once heard who said a woman or a man couldn't be forced to do something he or she instinctively felt was wrong, even under the influence of hypnotism. In the same way, Hollywood hypnosis can't work on a person if his upbringing is sound. As for my morals changing—I should say not! If they had, Ellie would have left me a long time ago!

HOLLAND: I thought I'd be safe on that one. But just what have you all noticed about the morals of people you've known here?

IRENE: Whenever friends of mine come here from other parts of the country, they're usually surprised to see how the stars I know conduct themselves. What these strangers notice are homes of great refinement, good taste, and not packed with people talking only of pictures. And families with a definite love for children. Look at the number of adoptions if you don't believe that, not to mention the increasing number of stars who are having babies. It's too bad that publicity gives such a contrary opinion. I think Hollywood should fight back at such unjust notoriety. If it doesn't, it's wrong. It should play up such things as the Abbott and Costello Youth Foundation more. That's Hollywood too. One thing I know—I prefer Hollywood morals to those of café society any day!

SHIRLEY: All the stars I've worked with have certainly conducted themselves perfectly. Oh, there were a couple of examples of stars who used profanity, but they were the exception in Hollywood—exceptions you'd find in any town. When I was a little girl, there was an actor who swore a lot, so I asked mother what the words meant. She simply said he was a sick man and it didn't matter what he said. I then felt sorry for him. Another time a director used profanity in front of me. He actually blushed and made himself stand in a corner for ten minutes.

LINDA: Some people must have

doubted my morals if they judged me by a picture that appeared in the papers. One day on the set of "Forever Amber," Leo Durocher came to see me. With him was William Perlberg, producer. We did a gag shot of Leo and Mr. Perlberg kissing my cheeks. So what happened? The papers cut Mr. Perlberg out of the picture and just left Leo and me. It made me look ridiculous. But as for the people in this town that I know—they're all clean-minded and completely ethical.

BOB: I think you're overlooking a point, and a good one. The people here work so hard they haven't time to be immoral even if they wanted to. After all, stars get up anywhere from four to seven A.M. and work until six or nine or even midnight. They get home at night and have to study lines for the next day and attend to their personal business. They have the longest hours of any industry—so where's your extra-curricular time?

GLENN: I can hear some people saying, "Oh, yeah! What about those pictures I've seen of stars taking it easy around their swimming pools?"

BOB: You and I know, Glenn, that those pictures are usually posed for a magazine. And that's a tiresome job too, don't forget.

HOLLAND: Forgetting long hours and swimming pools for now, what about marriage and divorce here? You know the publicity on that of late.

GLENN: I'd say marriage is tough in Hollywood if the husband or wife isn't understanding.

BOB: Tough! It's impossible. Especially if the husband and wife are stars. They get up at different hours, they never see each other, they don't have regular meals, they come home tired and on edge and blow up at each other easily. It's a bad deal.

GLENN: It's just as bad if the husband or wife isn't in the business. A person marrying outside has two strikes against him. Take this thing of a husband or a wife making love to someone else all day. That takes understanding on somebody's part. Can you see a banker's wife in a small town putting up with that kind of a routine?

BOB: There's also no great tie that binds couples here. Half of the marriages in this country might blow up much sooner if it weren't for the economical factor. A wife hangs on to utter boredom with a man because she can't manage by herself. But here a wife—or a husband—is independent and can get along without the other. That's not good, but it's one of the many things that make marriage difficult. Not to mention the trouble caused by regular reports in the papers that the couple is splitting up. Why, columnists and friends have called me several times to check on the rumor that Mary and I were going to get a divorce. And that's the furthest thing from our minds.

IRENE: You men are doing a solo act, so let's get into this, too! I don't know how you feel, Shirley and Linda, but I don't think Hollywood differs from any other place in the desire to make a marriage last. Or in the respect that the attitude is too casual toward marriage

and divorce. The outlook *everywhere* is pretty casual. The high divorce rate isn't relegated solely to Hollywood, you know. Here's where you have a real responsibility, Shirley, to the many young people who adore you. You have the chance to prove to them that marriage can last—if you work hard enough at it.

SHIRLEY: Believe me, Irene, I won't take it casually. It's far too important to me.

LINDA: Everyone here is really thrilled and excited about marriage, just as much as anywhere else. But Hollywood people regard divorce more realistically—more so than in a small town where there's a more rigid and often a less thoughtful outlook on it.

GLENN: Our approach to marriage and divorce is cynical because we've seen so many ships go on the rocks. Yet, we go on believing it can't happen to us.

SHIRLEY: There are a few who take marriage for granted here, but the really long and happy unions like Joel McCrea and Frances Dee, the Robert Montgomerys, Barbara Stanwyck and Robert Taylor, you, Irene, and Dr. Griffin, and others, are too seldom written about.

HOLLAND: But what about Hollywood's obligation to set a good example for the rest of the country on this marriage business?

GLENN: Why must Hollywood always set an example? In the first place, a person's marriage is no one else's business. Any intelligent person anywhere wants to make his marriage a success. Why shouldn't the newlyweds in other towns be made to make as big an effort and to be as concerned to fulfill their obligation? Why should *our* marriages be put in the show window more than anyone else's?

BOB: I, too, am sick and tired of the feeling people have that a star has a responsibility to the world. It's all exaggerated. Besides, those stars who have the biggest following aren't always the ones who lead perfect lives. It's getting so that the stars who are never involved in scandals begin to think the quiet life doesn't pay off. It's just that people seem to like sensationalism. If they didn't, you wouldn't see so much of it in the Sunday supplements of the newspapers. I guess you call this glamor. But—why blame a star for all the immorality in the world?

LINDA: Certainly! I'm fed to the teeth with the way Hollywood is kicked around. It never gets an even break.

SHIRLEY: Those who make marriage stick really work at it. Those who are always getting married don't care what's written about them. They feel it's their private life and no one else's concern. So how can you set an example when only the divorces hit the news?

IRENE: In spite of all you've said, I think Hollywood is aware of the need to set a good example. I said as much earlier. Take the radio program, for example, the one called Family Theater. Jews, Protestants, Catholics—all go on the program free of charge to sell the idea of keeping the family together. Odd, isn't it, that the Hollywood names who are so slandered are the very ones who are chosen to sell a fine idea?

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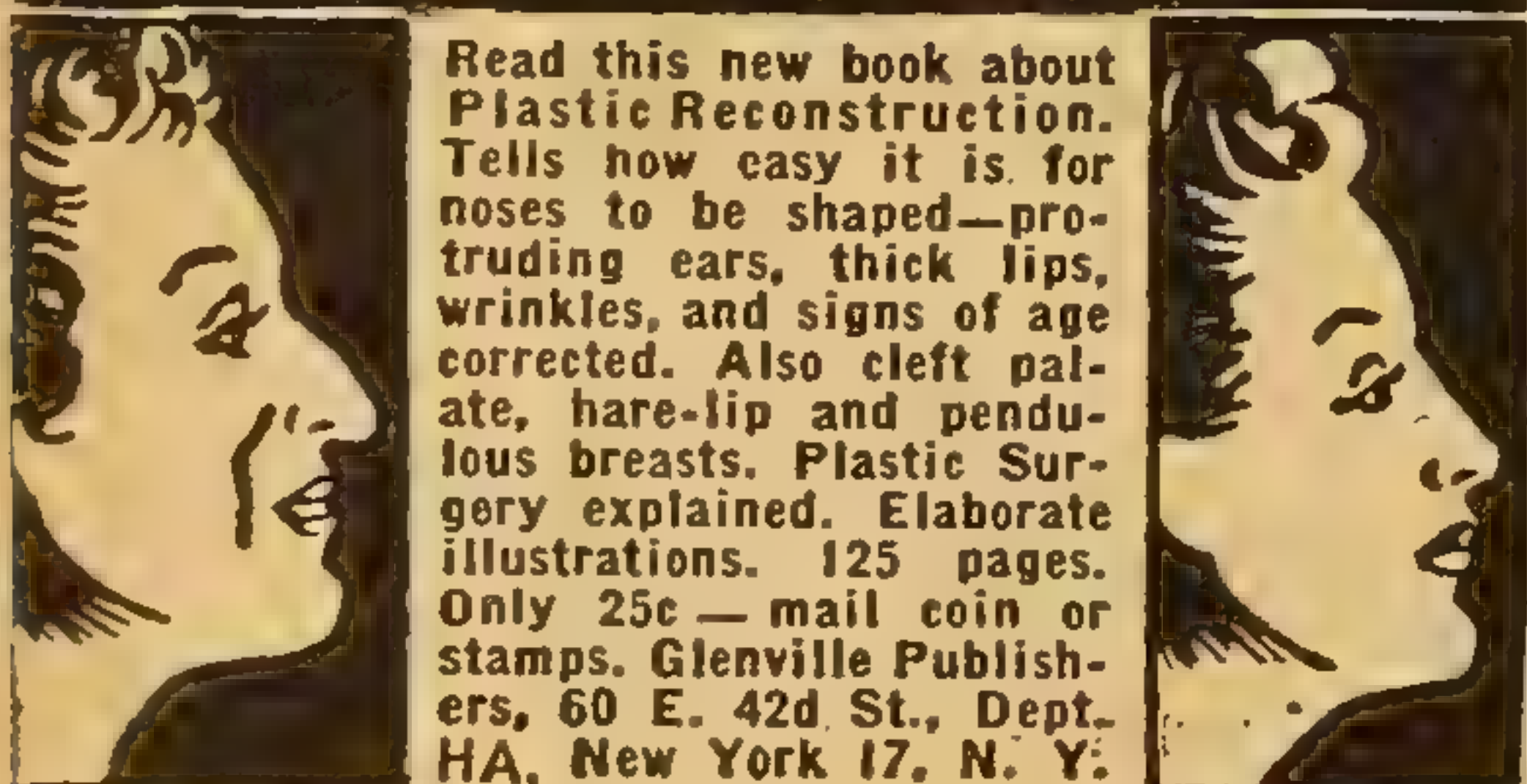
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HOLLAND: There's no doubt where you all stand on that subject. So—now to get you even more steamed up, how about the night club brawls and wild parties you read about?

GLENN: What wild parties?

BOB: What brawls? I've gone to night clubs quite often and I've never seen a single fight or even a single star who was drunk. And I don't know anyone else who has. Of course, you're always hearing about fights. Maybe I just don't go with the right glamor set!

SHIRLEY: I hate night clubs, so I don't know too much about that side of the town, but I have only seen one argument—and it was so minor few even turned around to listen. The only ones who did pay attention were the press who were there—and they certainly built it up!

GLENN: This wild party stuff is a mystery to me, too. If you ever hear of one, let me know! Ellie and I would like to go. Might be fun! The wildest party I ever went on was in my high school days.

LINDA: I think public brawls committed by anyone are in the worst possible taste. They're disgraceful and disgusting, and I'd do anything to prevent one taking place if I were present. Stars simply have to remember that whatever they do or say will get publicity, and act accordingly.

IRENE: That's the key to the Hollywood situation. To realize the ever-prying eye of publicity and be careful. Something can happen to two other fellows in a night club that's twice as bad as an incident with a star, but no one pays any attention. Hollywood is constantly being watched. However, on this subject, I'd like to add that no brawl or wild party is as bad, to me, as drunk driving. There's no notoriety or punishment too severe for a drunk driver.

GLENN: Maybe we're giving the wrong impression of Hollywood parties by defending them. Makes it sound as though there were a lot of bad ones. Let's not overlook the many, many gatherings of brilliant minds and artists at most Hollywood parties. You find no brawls at those affairs.

HOLLAND: Do you feel that the pressure of your jobs as stars and the need for a certain amount of temperament has anything to do with the actions of people in town?

GLENN: Temperament—that's a lot of baloney! It serves too often as an excuse for bad manners.

IRENE: You can't dismiss it as lightly as that, Glenn. Pressure and temperament have a lot to do with the actions of some people here. Each star's life is keyed to a high pitch. He lives on his nerves. And anyone on edge does things that aren't always correct.

LINDA: Don't forget the jealousy here, either—also brought on by that same pressure. A jealous person is responsible for a lot of vicious rumors and can make someone else—and herself—look very uncivilized. Rivalry and competition are the backbone of this business.

BOB: What big, dark pictures we're painting! Actually, stars are the least

temperamental people I've ever met. Not that they're namby-pamby and won't stand up for their rights, but I've never seen an actor or an actress blow up. I've seen cameramen, directors, and even gatemen go sky high, though. Temperament is really an exaggeration of glamor. A star is supposed to be tied to a steel spring. Once that spring is released, he's supposed to blow eighty feet in the air and fall into little pieces. Besides, I've never seen temperamental stars last very long.

LINDA: But you're looking at it from the career standpoint, Bob.

BOB: Okay, take the nights a star is out at a restaurant for dinner. Along comes a drunk and says to the actor, "Ya know, I never liked you in pictures." That's happened to me—and to others. But I've never seen a star blow up at such insults. So where's your temperament?

SHIRLEY: I think there are stars who are temperamental, but I believe most of them act that way because of an inferiority complex. They try to look important by getting mad and walking off the set, for example. And I must admit I've seen some good reasons for such actions. Even I have been guilty of temperament. Before I did a certain picture, I was told to have my hair cut—that it looked like a cedar mop. I refused. When I saw the picture, it did look like a mop. I had it cut at once. Period.

HOLLAND: This subject brought about quite a difference of opinion so let's get on to the next topic. What do you think is the general Hollywood reaction to those people who do let morals go off the deep end?

IRENE: The stars I know are resentful of the bad element because the punishment is meted out to each person in town. The dirt rubs off on every one of us. The one thing that infuriates me is for someone to refer to stars in general and say to me, "Now, you girls—."

LINDA: I know what you mean, Irene, for when I went on camp tours I had to correct more wrong impressions about people in show business!

SHIRLEY: I never pay any attention to what others here do. They can do with their lives what they wish. It's a star's work I admire. You can't expect a person to be perfect at all times.

GLENN: Most people in town know more about an incident that hits the front page headlines anyway than those who pick up the paper to read about it. Usually, these stories have been around town for months. There are few surprises left in Hollywood, so you shrug your shoulders when you read the news. Yet, none of us likes that kind of publicity.

BOB: I don't think the stars pay much attention to such things because they know how many untruths have been printed about them. Shirley has the right idea on this. Their attitude is, "I wouldn't believe it if I saw it on television." They have more important things to worry about.

LINDA: It's the old nemesis again—publicity. The dirt is the most intriguing. I'll certainly have to watch my step

now because everyone will be expecting me to be *Amber* off the screen as well as on!

SHIRLEY: I do wish, however, that the papers would be less personal and would stop playing up scandals so much. I can't believe housewives throughout the country are interested. And I certainly wish the papers would give the same amount of space to a retraction that they do to the original false bit of news. Retractions are usually a two-line notice buried in the want ad section.

IRENE: The only good publicity of recent years is the added attention being paid to the fact that stars do have a family life. Where, in the old days, a star had to hide his wife and children or lose his box office, a family is now publicized completely with no loss of fan following. Instead, it's brought about an increase in fan interest. Personally, however, I think it's a fine and healthy thing that we're able at these sittings to discuss something of the true Hollywood picture. And I'm sure we've done no varnishing of the truth.

HOLLAND: That's the purpose of this series, Irene, to remind people that

the stars—and Hollywood—have their serious, thoughtful, and respectable side. SCREENLAND is tired too of the usual dirt that has been dished out. Well, guess that's all for now. Thanks again. Next month we'll do quite a switch and discuss, "Are Young Marriages Wise?" So get on your thinking caps. See you later. And, remember, you SCREENLAND readers, send in your suggestions for topics you wish discussed. Our board will go into session on those deemed worthy of argument.

EDITOR'S NOTE

There's nothing like a good round table discussion, whether it is among your own close friends—OR WITH OUR OWN CHOSEN BOARD OF STAR ADVISERS—to consider important questions which are so vitally interesting to YOU and all our readers. Here is your chance to put in your oar. Just state your question and the Star Advisers will select those which they consider most worthy and suitable for discussion at future round table sessions.

Write to SCREENLAND'S Star Advisers, c/o SCREENLAND Magazine, 37 West 57th Street, New York 19, New York.

Fred Robbins Right Off the Record

Continued from page 29

Martin cookie, "When Am I Gonna Kiss You Good Morning?" with Clyde Rogers and the Martin Men, and "Serenade to Love," *avec* Stu Wade. Also perf for wearing out those shoe coupons. Don't step on my toes. (Victor)

JO STAFFORD: "A Sunday Kind of Love," "Ivy." Josephine leans on the bell. Gal always sounds like she's singing on stilts, but here the stilts seem shorter, 'cause there's more feeling than in a whole year of SCREENLANDS. Fran Warren's job with Claude Thornhill on this lovely tune is the end, though, and all others are anti-climax, Max. Give this biscuit a turn for Hoagy's freshest tune, "Ivy." (Capitol)

THE MODERNAIRES WITH PAULA KELLY: "Santa Catalina," "I Want to Be Loved." If you're glimmin' this copy of SCREENLAND on the west coast or on that knocked out hunk of terra firma, Santa Catalina herself, you're a lucky rascal. How's the water? Aside from that you'll dig this to its deepest. The Modernaires hit that isle last summer and were so gassed by the whole deal, the surf, etc., they wanted to get those waves right on the biscuit and they did too, hey! You can almost feel the spray on this dreamy portion of romance. Lookit the moon mmmm! Flip is drooly too. (Columbia)

BUDDY CLARK: "If I Had My Life to Live Over," "It Might Have Been a Different Story," "Come to Me, Bend to Me," "Peg 'O My Heart." Like money from home. When this guy Buddy Clark tilts his stubbled chin, it comes out like butter! He'll have you cryin' in your coke or beer or cow juice on the first one, real barber shop stuff. Turn him over on his tummy for more appealing squealing on a lovely melody, "It Might Have Been a Different Story." Buddy

himself says he never sang better on "Come to Me, Bend to Me," a hymnish hunk of fluff and his caressing of "Peg" is sure to bring her back like Jolson. Round-firm and fully packed! (Columbia)

BING CROSBY AND AL JOLSON: Talking of Asa, here he is with the owner of the Pittsburgh Pirates. Some combo! Right in the side pocket! They gag it up and ad lib all over the wax. And sing, too—"Alexander's Ragtime Band," and "The Spaniard That Blighted My Life." More of a novelty than anything else, these two titans on one hunk of tallow, but after a few needlings it loses its effect. Good collector's item, tho. (Decca)

TEX BENEKE: "Through," "Sunrise Serenade." Oh, this'll boost shoe leather stock! You won't run for the powder room on this 'un. And 'round that campfire or beach party on the portable—oh pass me a hot dog! Garry Stevens uses his pipes here. He used to be with the Charley Spivak band. On the other cheek Tex revives one of the Glen Miller band's all-time honeys—the solar symphonette, "Sunrise Serenade." Lump in the throat stuff. (Victor)

DICK JURGENS: Nice lotion by the Jurgens boy and he doesn't double dealya on "Cecelia," which you'll recall as an oldie, now rebaked. Turn this waffle around and the phone rings to intro Al Galante and a shrewd novelty. He's real salty on a chick who doesn't remember his name and is nowhere in general. "Put an egg in your shoe and beat it, take a rope and skip it" and don't waste any more nickels 'cause "I Won't Be Home Anymore When You Call" is the general philosophy of the deal. (Columbia)

MARTHA TILTON: Draw up a fox-hole and fall in. Here's nice, liltin' by

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DEPT. K-16, CHICAGO 23, ILLINOIS

Miss Tilton on a coupla tunes you've been fillin' the August air with quite a bit yourself, "I Wonder, I Wonder, I Wonder," and "That's My Desire." Marty rolls these off like caramel. (Capitol)

LOUIS ARMSTRONG: Ah, Satch! So great! Takes two ordinary pop tunes like "I Believe" and "You Don't Learn That in School" and makes 'em really-gory (wonderful). Those gravelly tonsils are as infectious as peanuts and when Louis ups anchor on that horn, 'tis ripe fruit and *tres zoot*. Long may Satchmo reign, Jane. (Victor)

DINAH SHORE: Quick, Dick, a new needle for Mrs. Montgomery, the lush thrush. It's that taste of stuff a la Française that Mrs. Ted Briskin did in "Perils of Pauline." "No use wastin' your breath, Pop, the Champs Elysee and Place de la Concorde and Montmartre are too interessante so save that gum beatin' and I'll come home when the spirit moves. Just send along some more lettuce so's I can change it into francs." Oh, spray it on me, Dinah! Reverse is sweet love stuff—there is no shore without an ocean, etc. And there's no Shore like Dinah, either. (Columbia)

DICK HAYMES: Richard opens that mouth and out comes the fudge. Yummy! From the Columbia picture "Down to Earth," he wraps his larynx around "They Can't Convince Me" and then turns over and makes "Ivy" crawl up and down your spine. How this man sings! Leaves you like a limp shrimp! (Decca)

WOODY HERMAN: "Woodchopper's Ball," "Indian Boogie Woogie." Here's where you collectors can turn hand-springs. Decca has finally reissued some of the great old Herman stuff and s'about time. Been gettin' a mess of linen askin' where to get these—well, voici! They're out again, so use radar! (Decca)

HARRY JAMES: "Stella by Starlight," "As Long As I'm Dreaming." Mr. James on the flames! He puts the baby down and unveils a gorgeous portrait of that bundle who looks so great by starlight, Stella. S'from "The Uninvited" and spots nice tenor sax by Corky Corcoran. 'Nother movie song's on the back. Marion Morgan raises her nose and beams a beauty from "Welcome Stranger." These're very welcome. (Columbia)

STAN KENTON: "Collaboration," "Machito." Mr. Kenton fermentin'! And with bells on! Stan collabbed with his ace arranger Pete Rugolo on two beautiful hunks of modern jazz. First face spots lovely theme music by S.K. and lays a carpet for magnificent trombone by Kai Winding. The ensemble ending will have you tearing the buttons off your sport coat! T'other side is a tribute to the rumba king, Machito, and more things happen than in a Paris auto race. Shows the close affinity of Cuban and Jazz rhythms and comes on like Lana Turner, or even Marguerite Chapman! And that's not just whistlin' Dixie! (Capitol)

VAUGHN MONROE: A mess of romantic butter by Vaughnie boy on "You Can't Hide Your Heart Behind a Kiss," and "Dreams Are a Dime a Dozen." I'll take two red ones and three green ones.

No nightmares here, dear, just nice noise for dancin' or diggin'. The Moon Maids help Vaughn yawn. (Victor)

HOT!!

ART HODES HOT FIVE: Dixieland gets a stupendous shot in the arm and you in your lucky ear with the release of a new Blue Note album. For the first time on one record you get Sidney Bechet, 'Wild Bill' Davison, Art Hodes, 'Pops' Foster and Fred Moore. And the result is fireworks—six dynamic sides, each a masterpiece of hot jazz. Selections of tunes is superb—"Save It, Pretty Mama," "Darktown Strutter's Ball," "Shine," "Memphis Blues," "St. James Infirmary," and "Way Down Yonder in New Orleans," all played in the inspired and passionate fashion that has made these guys jazz greats. (Blue Note album 103)

LOUIS ARMSTRONG: Paris, 1934. The universal, ageless "King of Jazz" on six precious sides which previously appeared on French Brunswick and are here reissued by Vox, which deserves a loud hosannah, Anna, from every jazz fan who's quick enough to snare it. These were made when Louis took Europe by storm in 1934 with a band made up of white and colored Frenchmen, Africans, Englishmen and several American cats who remained in France to enjoy the broader social democracy enjoyed by Negroes there. There's a two-sided pancake of "Sunny Side of the Street" which is 'gone,' "Tiger Rag," "St. Louis Blues," "Song of the Vipers," and "Will You, Won't You Be My Babe." 13 years after they were made and Louis' playing is as timeless and modern as a new Buick. (Vox album 300)

DUKE ELLINGTON: Sure is a field day for jazz fans! Another album of previously unissued cookies, these by the mighty Duke. Harken you connoisseurs! 8 sides! They date 'tween 1932 and 1938, when the Ellington personnel was still unchanging, and feature Cootie Williams' pungent trumpet, the late Joe 'Tricky Sam' Nanton's growling trombone, and Barney Bigard's liquid clarinet. This then is the Ellington band at its greatest on "Tough Truckin'" and "Indigo Echoes," featuring Rex Stewart's trumpet on his first date with the band, "I Don't Know Why I Love You So," "Slippery Horn," "T.T. on Toast," "Delta Bound" and "Clouds in My Heart." Other solos spot Johnny Hodges, alto, Harry Carney, baritone sax, Lawrence Brown, trombone and, of course, Edward Kennedy himself on box. (Columbia album)

DIZZY GILLESPIE AND HIS ALL STARS: Come and sop up the gravy! Be-bop gravy F.O.B. Dizzy Gillespie—a whole albumful! "A Hand Fulla Gimme," "Groovin' High," "Blue 'n Boogie," "Hot House," "Ray's Idea," "He Beeped When He Shoulda Bopped," "All The Things You Are," "Dizzy Atmosphere." Fat clusters of sound! And some of Dizzy's greatest work! (Musicraft album)

DATA ON THISA AND THATA: Looks like the Duke has a new vocalist. Chester Crumpler, who used to work in the post office in Washington, has replaced Al Hibbler, who's been part of Ellingtonia for five years. It's been 20

years since the Duke debuted at the old Cotton club. What a glorious history he's put down . . . Fritzie Spivak has filed suit against Charlie for divorce, charging desertion . . . Tex Beneke is talking about a European tour . . . Hope this issue finds Stan Kenton back on the stand again completely recovered and continuing to knock everyone out all over the Eagle's nest. Guy who tried so hard and has so much to offer deserves clear sailing and all the fruits of success. . . . Don't disremember to dig the Columbia short F.R. (Fred Robbins, that is) did with Ray Anthony's band and Johnny Desmond. S'probably at your local filmansion now. Ask your manager and lemme know what you think.

FROM THE MAN IN GRAY:

Got a bit of linen from the President of the Denver Record Club in Colorado. Dear Fred,

Our record club likes to keep up on the latest doings of our favorite groups and bands so perhaps you can hip us what's cookin' with the King Cole Trio.

Betty Kingsly

Dear Pres,

Glad you asked about the 'gleesome threesome.' Nat and the boys are doing a series of concerts cross country. Should be a great thing. You'll probably be diggin' them in Denver between nosebleeds. If you're in New York this Fall, fall into one of my Saturday midnight concerts in Town Hall. Nat's gonna do one of 'em. Like to say hello to you.

Sincerely, F.R.

From the Windy City—

Dear Fred,

First of all, I want to tell you your new column for my favorite mag knocks me out. It's super! Now for the ques-

tion, F.R. That new Dinah Shore album, with all the great oldies—are those cookies new or reissues of stuff she made sometime ago?

Natalie Forstmann,
Chicago, Ill.

Dear Nat,

Isn't it squidgy to hear Dinah doing these classics? All the tunes in the album were done recently, fresh from Mrs. Montgomery's lovely tonsils! Okay?

Sincerely, F.R.

Pupl from Arkansas—

Dear Fred,

Sure is a drag about the Kenton Krew breaking up. Is it a permanent state of affairs? Thanks.

Arnold Rivers,
Little Rock, Ark.

Dear Arnold,

Don't blow your top. Stan is taking a well deserved rest and is on a carrot juice kick. Maybe by the time you glim this he'll be fermentin' again. But his records will keep coming out and we'll tell you all about 'em.

Sincerely, F.R.

Knock me some linen if there's any little thing about music or records bothering you. And don't forget to dig us on the Columbia Record Shop every week in your own home town. And right here in SCREENLAND one set of thirties from now. (Next month) Take it slow!

EDITOR'S NOTE:

Fred Robbins is inviting you readers to write in and ask him questions about records and recording celebrities. Fred will answer, in the magazine, the letters he deems most interesting to all record fans. Just address Fred Robbins, care SCREENLAND, 37 West 57th Street, New York 19, N. Y.

Mike's Lucky Day

Continued from page 25

again. It didn't work out that way, though. With unanswerable logic that calls for a quick double-take, the young Lieutenant j.g. (honorably discharged) was told the contract wouldn't be resumed "because he'd been off the screen too long."

So he went to RKO on a six months' contract, did one picture, "The Devil Thumbs A Ride," with Laurence Tierney, and was let out just before Thanksgiving. The reviews said he tried too hard—and Mike retorts crisply, "Well, at least I tried!"

When he was called back to Warners' on December twenty-eighth he hadn't the slightest suspicion he was being tested for a contract. Naturally, when he signed on the last day of that miserable year he was a dazed, bewildered and happy young man with gratitude in his heart—and thirty-four dollars in his pocket.

The first day's work was the hardest scene in "The Unsuspected." "They did that so they could get rid of me right away if I wasn't any good," Mike said with perfect candor.

But he was good, justifying Curtiz' hunch that he had a find. And to dis-

tinguish one from the other on the Warner lot, Curtiz and North—in the order named—are designated as Big Mike and Little Mike. This is sort of silly, as Little Mike—six-feet-two and a hundred-eighty pounds—towers over Big Mike by a good six inches and outweighs him by perhaps thirty pounds.

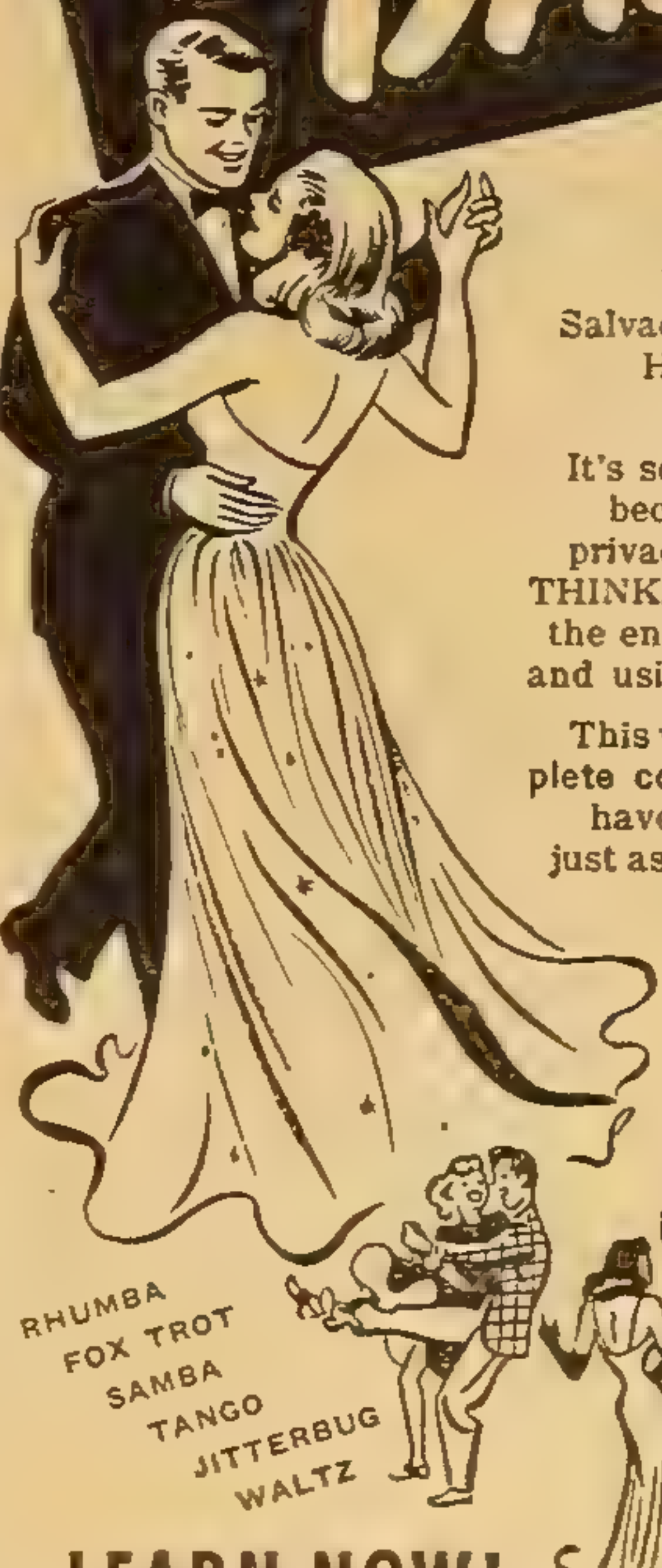
It's a kind of *Svengali-Trilby* relationship between them. Perhaps Big Mike's anxious eyes spy a look of strain, a shade of gauntness in his contractee's handsome face. He demands with intensity to know why. Well, Little Mike admits reluctantly, he's been having sort of a bothersome sore throat. In no time at all, the producer's potential gold-mine is packed off to the producer's own physician for a series of penicillin shots.

And young Michael gets to bed early at night, doesn't he, hmmm? Curtiz will enquire with a solicitude that says he'd better if he knows what's good for him. Mike was going to lunch in Warners' Green Room, wasn't he? Well, suppose he powders his nose first; people won't think he looks nice if he's shiny.

This last was too much for Claude Rains, sitting nearby. "What was that I heard?" he demanded in stentorian, in-

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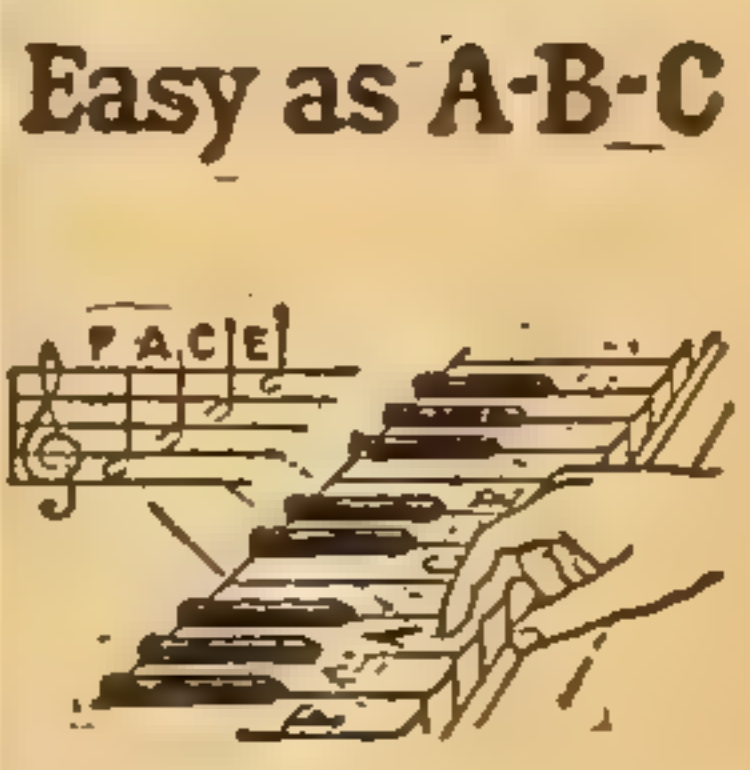
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credulous roar. The junior Mike repeated, trying not to laugh. "Now I've heard everything!" The veteran threw up his hands and stalked off to his dressing-room in exasperation.

"But it's all wonderful, and I can't find words to tell my gratitude," Michael said earnestly. "When I was under contract to Twentieth Century-Fox four or five years ago, Cornel Wilde and Dana Andrews were there, too, on the same kind of small-pay arrangement. We all wondered when or if our break would ever come. None of us was paid much and all of us got pretty well pushed around by Hollywood's caste system that measures worth and ability by dollars."

The break-up of Michael's marriage to Mary Beth Hughes came in that fateful year, too. It was just about the same time he was let out of Twentieth. The divorce was a blow to him and he carried a torch for many months.

But carrying a torch for something that can't be changed gets to look pretty futile after awhile and Mike eventually discovered there were lots of other nice girls in the world. But marriage?

"No, not until I've made the success I want to make," he said, adding with a smile, "They say a man shouldn't marry before he's thirty-five. He hasn't any sense until then!"

But some say it's a thing between Audrey Totter and Mike—and they reply it's just friendship. They met first on the set of "The Unsuspected" and, because Audrey hasn't a car, their acquaintance began when Mike offered to drive her home. Since then they've seen each other constantly, both during the day at the studio and on dates in the evening. Columnists, suspecting at first a too-obvious publicity tie-up, would like to make something of it now.

"Audrey's a grand girl and, frankly, I'm stuck on her!" Mike confessed without a moment's hesitation. "We have great fun together, lots of laughs. She has a swell sense of humor and she's smart as a whip. And, believe me, I like that. But we don't know about what will happen after the picture's over. Metro has great plans for her and she'll be pretty busy. As for me, I do want to concentrate on this new chance I've got and make a success of it."

After the divorce from Mary Beth Hughes, Michael went to live in the comfortable home of his parents, Mr. and Mrs. Ted North, Senior. They're both very young and gay—more like a brother and sister to him, Mike says, than father and mother. There's a reason for that: they were both troupers, second generation of players touring the middle-West. Michael himself thought first he'd be a lawyer. He graduated from the University of Kansas with a degree in Business Administration and later studied law for a year, collecting on the way membership in three fraternities, Phi Kappa Psi at Kansas, Phi Delta Phi at law school and Pi Delta Pi, an honorary society.

Quite a fellow in his upper-school days, among the local girls he beau'd and took to dances were Patricia Eisenhower, niece of the General, and Peggy Landon, daughter of the Republican Presidential nominee. And the gentleman who is now

our Chief Executive once fined Mike on a traffic charge when Mr. Truman was a police judge in Independence, Missouri. Later he sold him a shirt in Kansas City.

Perhaps it was because friends of the family bore such distinguished names as William Allen White, Senator Arthur Capper and Senator Clyde M. Reed, former Kansas Governor, that our hero originally decided on the dignified profession of the law. But the greasepaint had gotten into his blood at the age of three when he'd gone on the road with his parents in "East Lynn."

He's more than holding his own in pretty fast company in "The Unsuspected." Besides Audrey Totter and Joan Caulfield, the very name of Claude Rains is enough to give a less experienced player the cold shivers. But you'd never guess that Mike suffers tortures of shyness that he hides behind a broad and sunny grin.

Now that he's put out the torch he was carrying, he's amazed and delighted to discover how many interesting girls—besides Audrey, even—there are around. "But I do think they dress for men just from the neck down," he exclaimed, indignantly eyeing the very smart Eve Arden across the restaurant. "Otherwise why would they wear Those Hats? They must buy 'em to impress each other. Men certainly don't like 'em!"

Well, maybe they don't. And then again, maybe they do.

Mike has a beloved Great Dane that used to be called Patrick until his master discovered Patrick not only didn't like his name but wouldn't come when he was wanted. Various other names were tried tentatively but Patrick only sneered. Then Michael hit upon Mike. This pleased the beast, who responded with loving kisses and earnest efforts to clamber into Michael's lap. So Pat has been Mike ever since.

Though man-Mike and dog-Mike are happy living at home with the Norths, they would like to have a place of their own some day. "Not a big house," Mike qualified, "but just a small one with lots of ground around it."

The elder North is getting restless in his retirement after a lifetime of activity in show business, so both Mike and he are keeping a sharp lookout for a neighborhood movie theater to buy. "Then Dad will be back again in the business." Mike's solicitude for his father showed the companionship between them. "We're trying to find a second-run house in a good district. Those houses aren't hard to manage and they bring in a very good income."

Mike's an ambitious golfer, plays handball, and loves to go hunting whenever he gets the chance. Further, he believes the silliest and most unsuitable platform for an actor is on a soapbox spouting politics.

Our charming talk was brought to a close by a stern figure beckoning Mike from across the Green Room. "I have to go now and learn something," he apologized darkly. "Henry Fonda and Jimmy Stewart have done all right, but I have to lose my middle-West accent!"

Muttering to himself, Michael North, Michael Curtiz' potential star, followed his *Svengali* out the door.

The Nelson Eddy Nobody Knows? Well, Now You Do!

Continued from page 45

safe to say that none of this impression emanated directly from Mr. Eddy. Mainly it was an idolatrous haze sent up by the more landsakesy of his admirers. For instance: In "Northwest Outpost," Nelson does a good deal of riding. He is an excellent equestrian off-screen as well as on, so he made the remark to someone at Republic that he aspired to be a saddle-sore Sinatra. "With Gene Autry gone to Columbia, maybe I can buy a git-tar and learn to be the chap who chirrups in chaps," was his general suggestion. To reinforce his idea, Nelson posed for frontier art, tongue in cheek.

For one shot he borrowed a saddle rope and involved himself in a comedy of slipknots, his Stetson slinking to the back of his head, his expression resolute though hamstrung. It was very funny, and was grabbed by the wirephoto services.

The night editions hadn't dried before gentle letters of well-bred protest began to flood the studio. Gist: Nelson can't do this to our elegant Mr. Eddy.

Mr. Eddy himself has turned his personal literary ability to the task of having fun with Nelson, the nag-rider. Some time ago he sold an article called "I Bought A Horse" to an equestrian magazine. (As you probably remember, Nelson worked on three different Philadelphia newspapers while studying voice and preparing himself for the concert stage. He also wrote publicity for an advertising agency.) The magazine liked Nelson's first lampoon so much that they purchased three more, closing negotiations with the tactful report that four installments would suffice their readers on the subject of "I Bought A Horse." Resourcefully, Nelson wrote a fifth article entitled, "I Bought Another Horse." The magazine bought that one, too.

Much of the Nelson Eddy humor is based upon his unspoken conviction that anything on earth is likely to happen to anyone, but especially to him. He is a student of horned dilemma. One morning he stepped briskly into the Republic barbershop, which fronts upon the studio's main thoroughfare, and said to the manicurist, "Mind if I wait here a few minutes? When Mr. Yates (head of Republic) goes by, I want to grab him."

The manicurist made Zazu Pitts gestures, her hands as busy before her face as bees in front of a watermelon.

"You know how it is—trying to see Mr. Yates," Nelson went on, enjoying the hand signals, but failing to interpret them. "He's so busy that a fellow has to pounce on him to get a few minutes of his time. I have the script of a musical here, and I hope to get him to read it. I guess he'll be along by and by."

The barber removed a steaming towel from the face of the shop's only customer, unveiling Mr. Herbert Yates.

"Hello, boss," said nonchalant Nelson. "I didn't expect you so soon."

While driving home one afternoon, Nelson drew up to a stoplight and found himself parked beside an electrical equipment truck. Working with pliers, wires, and insulation was a preoccupied citizen,

softly singing "Shortnin' Bread." Despite his willingness to be trademarked by almost any other song, Nelson Eddy is the nation's favorite baker of "Shortnin' Bread" so has accepted the title and relaxed. For that reason he leaned out of his car and called "Ha!" at the singer, who glanced up, scowled at what he thought was snide criticism, and looked down again at his work. Then, eyes peeling, mouth dropping open, and head snapping back, he did the double-take of the century, yelling, "Hey!"

But the traffic signal had changed, so—resisting the temptation to join the electrician in a duet—Nelson Eddy drove away, grinning. Afterward he told his wife, Ann, "I can just imagine what that guy had to say to his wife tonight."

While he was entertaining troops abroad during the war, Nelson paid a visit to Cairo where he was presented, ad lib, to the King of Egypt. Since he had not been briefed on the type of conduct becoming to an American in the presence of royalty, he improvised a routine by stepping back three strides, bowing, and murmuring deferentially, "Your Highness!"

To his amazement, this display of manners was rewarded by the king tossing a gold cigarette lighter to the floor and ordering, "Pick it up."

"I beg your pardon, your highness?" said Mr. Eddy, wishing he had read "Forever Amber" more closely for court procedure.

"Pick it up," repeated the monarch.

As Nelson did so, the king stepped firmly upon the singer's hand.

"Why, you—" snapped Nelson Eddy, employing a phrase made famous by "The Virginian." He smiled when he said it.

The king howled. So did everyone else in the room. It seems that the king is a practical joker—a fact so well known among his friends that he had been unable to get a patsy for the cigarette lighter trick. Nelson arose admirably to the occasion. Afterward he and the king withdrew to the corner where Nelson added a few Hollywood comedy routines to the king's repertoire.

Not only is Nelson Eddy a superior yarn spinner, but he is no slouch at repartee. After having lunched at Remer's, one of the more famous of San Fernando Valley restaurants, Mr. Eddy studied the book of matches supplied at each table. "Here is a man who has licked modern advertising," he said appreciatively. "Remer" spelled backward still spells "Remer."

Upon meeting the head of an advertising agency, Nelson assumed his wistful, job-hunting expression and said, "Incidentally, sir, any time you have a spot for a baritone, I'd be grateful if you'd keep me in mind." This is comparable to Henry Ford III being nice to General Motors in hope of getting a position.

He was persuaded to watch a Television set at work one evening. The program being televised consisted of the running of a motion picture short ex-

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plaining exactly how the black pancake discs (on which recordings are cut) are manufactured. The commentator was full of anodes, cathodes, acid baths, generators, turbo-hydraulic-elevadrometers, lathe pressings, and gold flake bombardments held in suspension by prophies or something. Observed Mr. Eddy thoughtfully, "It seems like a lot of trouble to go to for 'Open The Door, Richard.'"

A man who is fascinated by the food fads of those with whom he lunches or dines, Nelson once listened solemnly to a friend elaborate upon the value of a fruit-only diet. The next noon, a convert, Mr. Eddy ordered a salad. "It should contain some white figs, some apples, some grapes—and such things," he ended lamely. "Then, right in the middle, there should be a big glob of cream cheese mixed with sour cream. Very healthy."

The salad arrived in a container slightly larger than a bomber blister; it consisted of seven of everything including prunes, great pillars of fresh pineapple, maraschino cherries, black grapes, oranges, grapefruit, apricots, and enough sour cream to have covered Long's Peak to a depth of several feet. Nelson stared at this resplendent creation for several moments. Then, while his companions remained tongue-tied with awe, he said pseudo-critically, "What, no American flag?"

Occasionally someone steals a tag line from the alert Mr. Eddy, a situation that no one enjoys as much as Nelson. During the filming of "Northwest Outpost" he caught cold and was away from the studio for several days. Upon his return, he offered a problem to the make-up man. His nose was peeling, his eyes had the faintly glassy look of the ex-feverish, and his lips were cracked. After a full day of soft focus, filters, and struggle with lighting, the technicians, not to mention Mr. Eddy, were exhausted. However, one loyal friend, a boy who was a genius at handling horses but whose formal education had not been extensive, came to Nelson with the partisan comment, "Don't let it bother you when they say you're tough to photograph because of your cold. I, personally, think you are always *photogenital*."

Useful as a sense of laughter can be in social contacts, Nelson Eddy has also employed it to lessen an occasional disappointment of great degree.

As you probably know, he is a sculptor whose accomplishment is considerable. This hobby had its beginning quite by accident. He was trying to describe a bit of statuary wanted for a modern room in his house, and, having run out of words, picked up a lump of plasticene and whipped up, in miniature, an example of what he had in mind. The figure came out so well and he was so intrigued by the medium that he set to work a few hours later in a determined effort to master the art as far as talent and application would permit.

For months he worked during every spare moment, creating and assembling a one-man show. "The ham in me," he now says with a grin. When a reasonable exhibit was prepared, Nelson invited a group of artistic friends to an unveiling

ANSWERS TO SCREEN TESTS ON PAGE 59

MIXED-UP THEATER MARQUEES

1. Lost Weekend—Ray Milland; 2. Best Years Of Our Lives—Fredric March; 3. The Yearling—Gregory Peck; 4. The Late George Apley—Ronald Colman; 5. Boomerang—Dana Andrews; 6. It's a Wonderful Life—Jimmy Stewart; 7. The Egg and I—Claudette Colbert; 8. Notorious—Ingrid Bergman; 9. Henry V.—Laurence Olivier; 10. The Big Sleep—Lauren Bacall.

LOOKING FOR THE STARS

1. Stewart; 2. Andrews; 3. Sanders; 4. Garson; 5. Dunne; 6. Tierney; 7. Loy; 8. Boyer; 9. Gable; 10. Grable; 11. Day; 12. Darnell; 13. Milland; 14. Garland; 15. March; 16. Lamarr; 17. Lamour; 18. Bacall; 19. O'Hara; 20. Dorn; 21. Ford; 22. Ball; 23. Lynn; 24. Ladd; 25. Fonda.

WATCH THE WORDS

1. Ladd; 2. Eythe; 3. Andrews; 4. Bergman; 5. Grable; 6. Lamarr; 7. Mason; 8. Haver; 9. Sinatra; 10. Oberon.

cocktail party. He had hoped that his genuinely sincere effort would merit some critical approval and admiring attention. Instead, the guests looked over the busts, full figures, and witty forms in clay, murmured "How nice," or "How cute," and hastened to pay avid court to the punch bowl. Only the great Malvina Hoffman understood his feeling. Her comment gave Nelson the satisfaction he had sought. "Sculpture is an art for one's own satisfaction. Friends just don't seem to like it."

In addition to sentimentality about his sculpturing and his painting, Nelson is moved by the kindness of and intense interest shown to him by perfect strangers. Not long ago he received a literate and charming letter from an eastern couple who said they were planning a motoring vacation. They wanted, they explained, to make a pilgrimage to Nelson's home town, to the house in which he was born, the school he attended, and to all those places which had been a part of his early life. In answering this letter, Nelson allowed himself a nostalgic trip by memory through the years that had brought him through struggle to the satisfactory present. "The house in which I was born is no longer standing," he wrote. Then he supplied the addresses of other houses in which he and his mother had lived, and he recalled his newspaper days in Philadelphia. "Be sure to stroll along Camac Street in Philadelphia, which will give you a feeling of this country's substantial past; if you can visit New Orleans, don't miss the Vieux Carre for a sense of this country's romantic heritage; and when you reach Providence, Rhode Island—"

For us, the reminiscence may end there with a grateful bow toward Rhode Island, the smallest state in the Union, which nevertheless has given us one of the greatest personalities and most charming gentlemen of our time: Nelson Eddy. And he's funny, too.

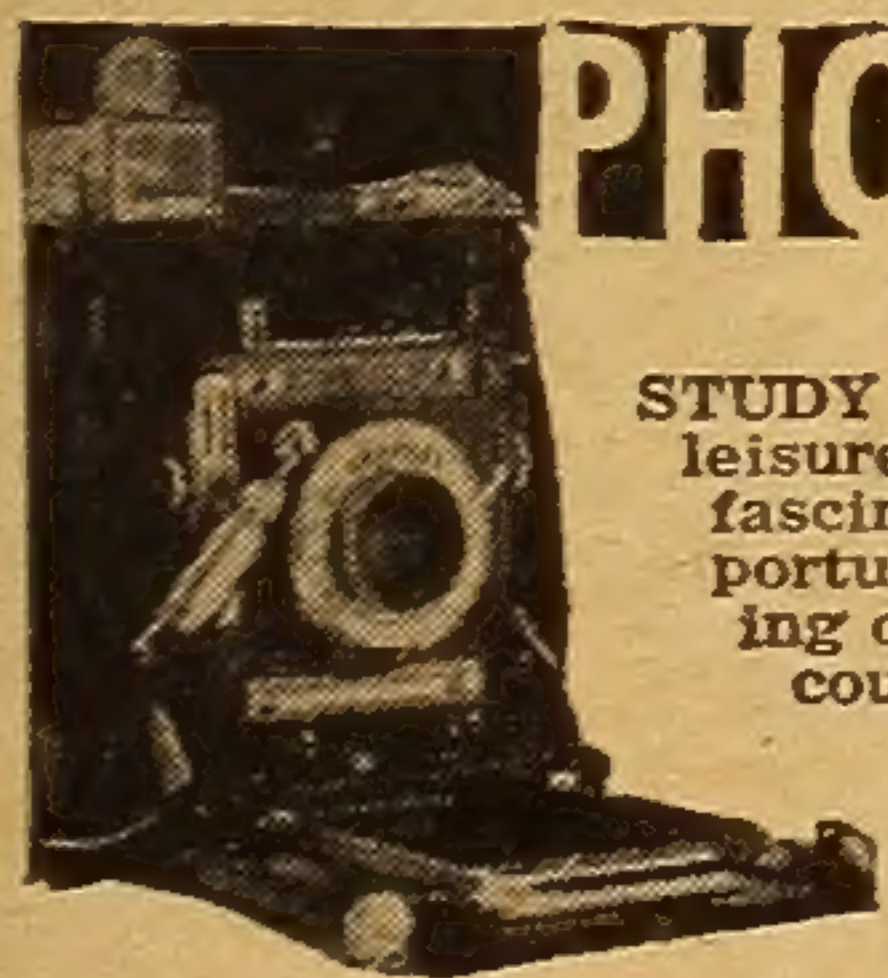
Hands Tell the Tale

Continued from page 16

other type of manual labor, there is absolutely no excuse for being a G.G. Don't think you can cover grimy nails over with nail polish either. You just can't fool your public. A person's hands reveal a good deal about personal habits. If the polish is chipped most of the time (none is better than some, you know), people will know you to be on the careless, sloppy side. But if your manicure is always perfect, you'll give yourself the reputation of being well-groomed, efficient, and poised.

If you haven't been a good girl about your nails, though, give it a little thought, won't you? And just because you may do housework is no excuse. Lots of women do and yet have nice-looking hands. That's because they are conscious of the importance of hand care at all times. They make it a practice to wear rubber gloves (which is like learning to use a thimble—you have to become accustomed to it) for dishwashing and other household chores where their hands are in soapy water or strong solutions. After the heavy cleaning is done, these hand-conscious women slather on some hand cream or lotion and don a pair of old white cotton gloves to do the dusting and vacuuming.

Once a girl makes up her mind to be "hand-conscious" she can slip into the routine quickly. For a professional-looking job, keep all your implements handy in one box—lotion, cotton, tissues, emery board, nail file, polish remover, cuticle remover, orangewood stick, and at least three different shades of polish for variation. To give yourself a bang-up job, carry through your manicure in this manner: Scrub nails, shape, remove dead cuticle, apply cuticle oil, scrub again, apply base coat of enamel, two coats of polish (leaving a protective hairline tip), one final coat of clear polish, clean off with your orangestick, and there—you're all finished.



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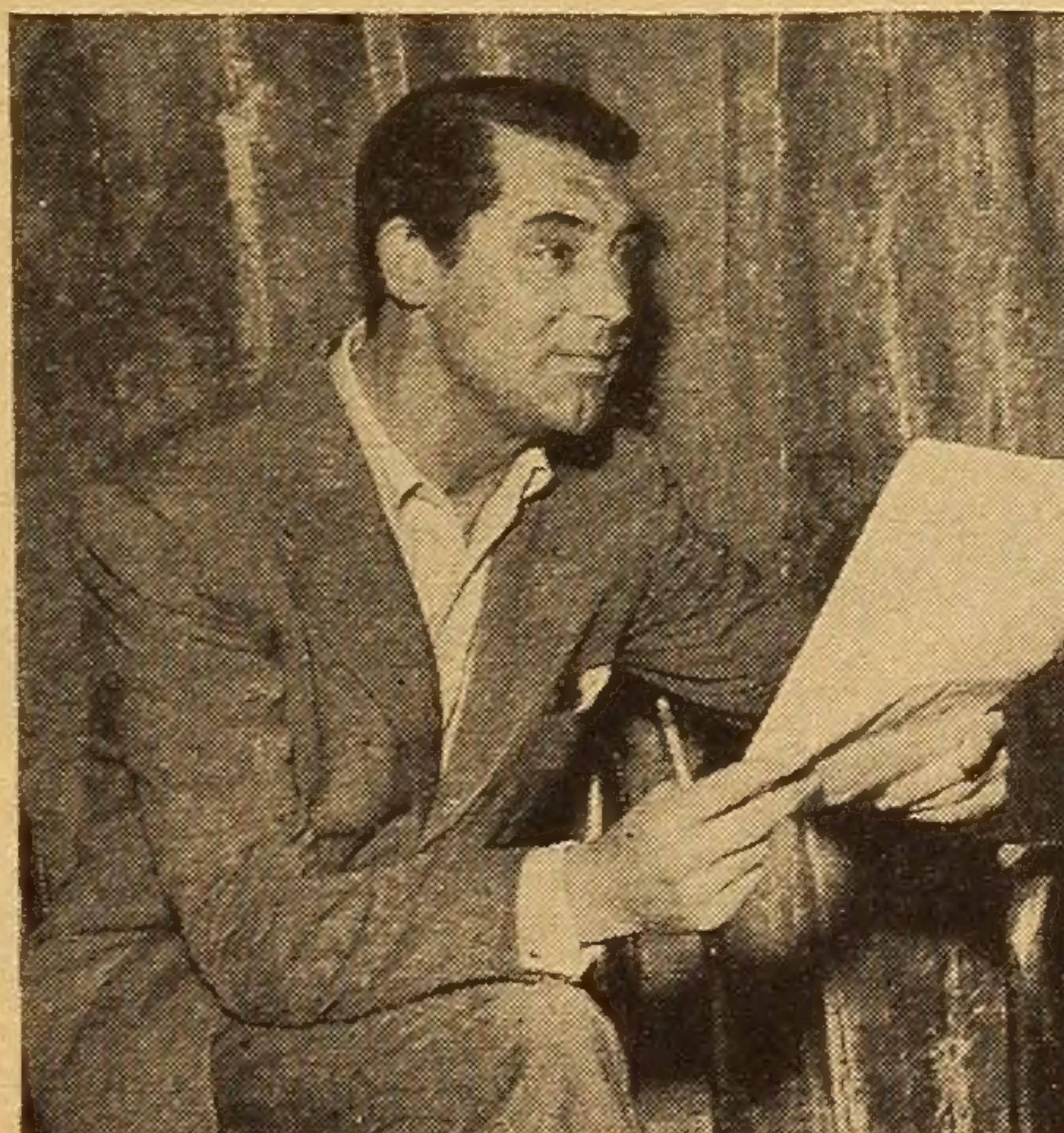
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ON THE ROAD AGAIN. You'll want the new color portrait of Dottie, back to "Road" pics again with pals Hope and Crosby, after a detour with Alan Ladd.



MARRIAGE CLINIC. Esther Williams, who knows psychology as well as swimming, gives her own sensible rules for a happy marriage for the girl who has a career.



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CURIOUS LOVE STORY. Together at last, Larry Parks and Betty were separated right after marriage. What's happened to their love? The answer...in August Movie Show.



MEET VALLI. Movie Show's new-personality-of-the-month is lovely, talented, Italian born Valli. Hitchcock's directing her in "The Paradine Case," with Gregory Peck.



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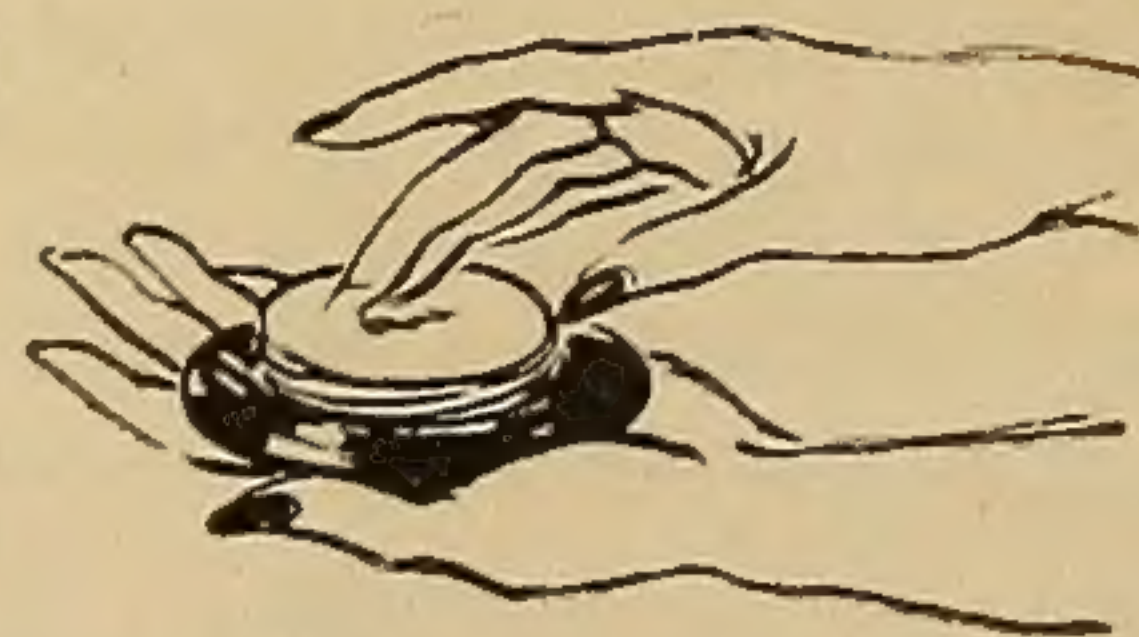
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